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Vol. CXCVII No. 2565 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 2 1949

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*ALICE IN POSTERLAND*

Drawing by HANNA

# Boomerang!

"Look what I've found," exclaimed Alice.

"Why," cried the Kangaroo, "it's a boomerang!"

"Does it taste like an ordinary meringue?" Alice asked hopefully.

But the Kangaroo wasn't listening. "A boomerang!" he exclaimed. "It all comes back to me! The outbacks . . . Guinness . . . ah, how good it tastes when you're hot and tired . . . sitting in the shade of a blue-gum tree."

"My Goodness, it comes back to *me*," said the Keeper, as he deftly took the glass of Guinness that the Kangaroo had just poured out.

G.E.1455

Volume CXCVII No. 2565 The SPHERE, London, April 2, 1949

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

**RUSSIAN HERO'S GRAND NATIONAL—THE FIELD CROSSING BECHER'S BROOK, SECOND TIME ROUND, WITH FIFTEEN HORSES IN A FIELD OF FORTY-THREE WELL TOGETHER AT A CRUCIAL PART OF THE RACE: The winner, Russian Hero (L. McMorrow up; black and white check jacket), is seen taking the fence with the favourite, Cromwell, beside him. Leading the field (on right) is Royal Mount (P. Doyle up), which came in third. In the centre foreground is Roimond. On the left, just landing, is Southborough (No. 37), and on the right, taking the fence, is Astra.** (See also page 3)

After the Grand National of 1949, Mr. Williamson, owner of Russian Hero, the 66 to 1 winner, cheerfully admitted that only his stubbornness provided him with the greatest thrill of his racing life. Not only did he refuse an offer of 4,500 guineas for his horse a few weeks ago, but he ran Russian Hero against the advice of his trainer, George Owen. Russian Hero, which was named in the heyday of the Russian advance against the German armies, had a poor record during the earlier part of the present season, and it was thought that he would not stay a longer distance than 2½ miles. As things turned out he came with a fine run between the last two fences and, taking the final jump with the utmost confidence, went on to win by eight lengths from Lord Bicester's Roimond and Mrs. Harvey's Royal Mount. Lord Mildmay's Cromwell, a strong favourite at 6 to 1, was impeded in the course of the race, and made up a good deal of ground to come in fourth. In spite of numerous other sporting attractions, a great crowd came to see the race, which was run in perfect going at a fast pace.

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# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

## "In Military Occupation."

—The information that in 1949 one-seventh part of the County of Wiltshire is in the occupation of the fighting services for training and accommodation is an eye-opener to the public which in due course should result in a reaction which must be felt by the Ministries concerned. We are in danger of a third world war and ill-prepared to face it. The need for training areas is obvious and modern weapons and machines require ever larger spaces. Yet even in these grave needs there must be a sense of proportion, especially when it is accepted that our food is as grave a defence problem as defence itself. Wiltshire is a rural area, valuable for agriculture and grazing, and rich in amenities pledged to public enjoyment. And one-seventh of it is in the hands of the fighting services. What is made clear is that in making their justifiable demands for space, the Ministries too often set aside the rival claims of agriculture and the pledges assured to the public by the National Parks and National Trust provisions, and make their demands for land most convenient to themselves, rather than accept land of less agricultural or amenity value as a compromise. This land-grabbing has of necessity been going on for a century, indeed since the Peninsular War, but of late the tempo has worked up to fever heat. There is no safety in commons—*vide* Surrey commons; no safety in National Trust properties—*vide* the refusal of the Air Ministry to budge from Hindhead, though they promise to reduce their acreage there. And the aims of the National Parks—the latest Government attempt to safeguard public amenity—beat in vain on the Services' rocklike obstinacy. The whole question cries out for consultation, planning, compromise and right judgment among all the departments concerned, civil and military. In short, for co-ordination under an impartial Government.

## Dreaming Spires and Philistine Officials. —

The Oxford gasworks have been an eyesore and a shame for fifty years. They have ruined the tourists' first view of the loveliest of our cities and made a slum of what might be a beauty spot in Oxford. Oxford wants more gas and ought to have it. All authorities are agreed on that, and City and University authorities have been at pains to find and recommend a site outside the city's centre where ultimately all the city's gas undertaking could be grouped, so that the present rusty relics of Victorian iconoclasm would at last be liquidated. Planning is the Government's favourite card. Ministers mouth about amenity and beauty and taste. The proper planning of Oxford has been accepted as desirable. What happens? The Minister of Fuel places a special order before Parliament to increase the horrors on the old site, with an enormous new retort house and more holders—this in the teeth of strenuous opposition by City and University authorities. It is small wonder that almost every name of any importance in Oxford life is found at the foot of a letter of protest in *The Times*. And, indeed, the Minister of Fuel's last stroke is a little too cynical. It blows the gaff on Ministerial mouthings—just gas! It is Philistine tyranny. Amenity . . . my foot!

## You Never Can Tell.—

I suppose the Grand National is the least certain race known. There never was a practical certainty saddled for it. There was nothing surprising, therefore, in an outsider's victory, and much that is "common form" in the winner's description as a "farm horse" with a £25 dam. Sometimes the description has been "cab-horse" or "dray-horse." But a boat-race or a football cup-tie is another matter. Form is not so easily upset in an affair between two competitors, and there were good grounds for banking on Oxford in the boat-race and on Portsmouth in their match with Leicester City—on form. You never can tell—that is the charm of sport. The prophets were confounded by Cambridge's nose and by Leicester City's crashing and devastating fighting spirit. That first divine day of spring and sport was a day of surprises indeed.

**THE R.A. SELECTION COMMITTEE AT WORK.—CHOOSING THE PICTURES FOR THE SUMMER EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: The committee consists of (left to right) Sir Walter Lamb (secretary), Mr. W. Curtis Green, R.A., Mr. R. Garbe, R.A., Mr. B. Fleetwood-Walker, A.R.A., Mr. R. S. Austin, A.R.A., Sir William Russell Flint, R.A., Sir Gerald Kelly, R.A. (in chair), Mr. R. G. Brundrit, R.A., Mr. A. K. Lawrence, R.A., and Mr. J. Bateman, R.A. Also present but not shown in the picture, were Mr. G. Ledward, R.A., Mr. M. Lambert, A.R.A., and Mr. R. Buhler, A.R.A.** Sir Gerald Kelly, R.A., is deputising for Sir Alfred Munnings on this year's Selection Committee. In view of the fact that Sir Alfred Munnings has declared his intention of retiring, it is widely expected that Sir Gerald will succeed him. The Academy banquet will again be held this year, for the first time since 1939. It will take place on April 28, the evening before the Private View. All the old customs are to be revived, but there will only be three courses instead of nine, as in pre-war days. A contingent of the Artists' Rifles will form a guard of honour in the courtyard of Burlington House as the 200 guests arrive.

## Railway Snacks.—

Rail passengers will surely welcome Lord Inman's announcement that luncheon and dinner "boxes" costing 2s. 3d. each will soon be available on long-distance trains. Sandwiches (not "railway" variety, one hopes), fruit and cake will be the fare. Another innovation will be a tea trolley less than a foot wide, which will be pushed along the corridor—if the corridor is not filled with standing humanity. All this is good and imaginative, and probably labour-saving; certainly saving of energy, disappointment and perhaps loss of property for passengers. True, the days are gone when turgid four-course meals, suitable perhaps for commercial travellers but for none else, were slowly served in train restaurants. Most travellers by train nowadays require very light meals and are thankful not to sway and stumble along corridors and wait in queues in draughty coupling-places, while they wonder what is the fate of their light luggage left in the racks of their vacated compartments. I hope the concessions will ultimately include that delicious breakfast-basket which used to be handed on board at Kingussie or Aviemore in the "good old days," when grouse inhabited the Highlands and the trap was a speciality of North Britain as admirable and as exclusive as the grouse. I can still smack my lips over that breakfast-basket amid the Grampian scenery.

## Pig-Keeping.—

It is easy enough to guy Bumbledom and regulations. You can guy the language in which the regulations are written; you can guy the multiplicity of precautions and the labour and waste of time involved on all concerned. We most of us acknowledge the need for a vast amount of control and regimentation, especially in the matter of fair distribution of food, but that is not to say that every necessary regulation is as well devised and drafted as it can be. In the end, a bad law or regulation defeats itself; it is shown up by *reductio ad absurdum*. And I am inclined to think that the regulations governing the keeping of pigs by private persons are largely bad in form and substance, and that local Food officials have guilty knowledge that they *are* bad. I have on occasions studied some of these forms and regulations, and it is clear to me that the vital form which affects the would-be pig-keeper does not cover all the circumstances possible in each individual case. It is almost unintelligible in language, it not only invites but requires that the applicant shall write down a lie, it threatens penalties and demands rights which are probably not enforceable by law. This form and the regulations governing private pig-keeping are, I should say, just about as bad as they can be. The Food Minister and the Minister of Agriculture are both concerned with this particular control and have good reasons for being concerned. They have heard a good deal of criticism and complaint of its anomalies, vexations and weaknesses, and they have turned deaf ears to the complaints. They have obstinately bolstered up a control so loose and so clumsily worded that even their enforcement officers are unhappy about it, and I fancy that the time is coming when the *reductio ad absurdum* will liquidate what *bureaucratic hubris* and love of control for control's sake have tried to perpetuate—a thoroughly bad regulation which defeated a reasonable aim by its sheer rottenness. But that last resort should never be reached. Ministers should be men who admit the possibility of ministerial error. The application form could be made both intelligible and free from temporary prevarication.

## Mosley a Nuisance.—

I am of course all for freedom—of speech and so forth—and the Home Secretary is tremendously keen not to shut down on such freedoms as still survive or to act *ultra vires* of a democratic Minister. Still, Mr. Ede is there to keep order and to protect the public and State and private property, and not very long ago he possessed powers to prevent political meetings likely to provoke riots. Of which Mosley's are *facile princeps*. Now he has those powers again for a brief period, and all sane men are glad to give them to him. For Mosley's Fascism is a red rag to the Communist thug. It is about the only arguable point in favour of Mosleyism. One thought that all that *Heil Hitler*, black-shirt posturing was snuffed out in final ridicule. Most of us thought *that* put paid to Fascism and that it then burst, like a child's balloon when stamped on. It does seem odd that there should still (or again) be young men ready to don the black shirt, to glorify the "leader," to posture and to scrawl the swastika in public conveniences. It is flogging such a very dead and stinking donkey. Mosley—but for the ill-luck of his upbringing and the luck of the draw—might have to-day been Mr. Eden, temporarily ineffective but thoroughly respectable and admirable. As it is, he is a dead donkey and his nonsense smells to heaven. I can't conceive how anyone but a nit-wit schoolboy could hail him as a leader of anything at all, even of a forlorn hope. His meetings quite obviously invite riotous behaviour, and since he has nothing worth saying, I do not think Mr. Ede need worry about curtailing freedom of speech and all that. His obvious first duty was to protect the sane and sensible public from these nasty schoolboy exhibitions.

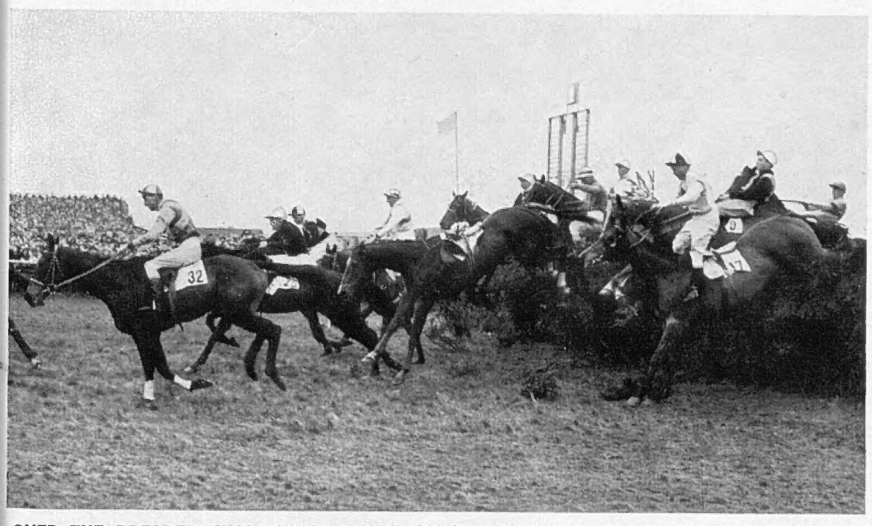
THE OLD STAGER

**THE GRAND NATIONAL FIELD TAKES THE FIRST FENCE IN GOOD STYLE AT THE START OF ITS JOURNEY OF NEARLY FOUR AND A HALF MILES: Watched by a crowd four deep, most of the runners cleared the first obstacle in good style.** Roimond, which came in second, can be seen in the foreground on the right, with Russian Hero, the eventual winner, a length or two behind. Nearly all the runners crossed Becher's the first time without mishap. At the end of the first round Roimond was still in the lead, with Russian Hero, Royal Mount and Happy Home well up. Cromwell, the favourite, met two fences badly early in the race, and was also interfered with by loose horses

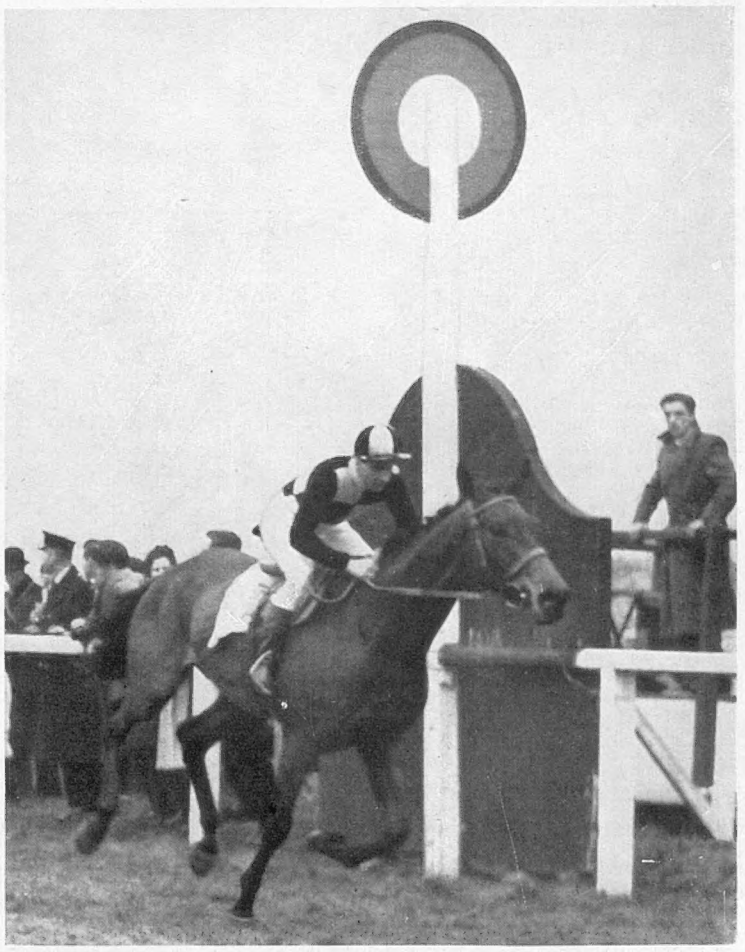
# RUSSIAN HERO'S GRAND NATIONAL TRIUMPH

## A 66-to-1 Outsider Wins at Aintree

**STONE COTTAGE COMES TO GRIEF: An early episode in the race as jockey Hogan was thrown heavily to the ground and another rider and his mount barely escaped being involved. In the centre is Southborough (No. 37), a 66-to-1 outsider, which went extraordinarily well and for a long while held a place among the leaders**



**OVER THE DREADED CHAIR JUMP BEFORE COMING PAST THE STANDS FOR THE FIRST TIME AND CROSSING THE WATER: No. 32 is Wot No Sun, which was among the leaders for a great part of the journey. No. 25, just behind Wot No Sun, is San Michele, and beyond can be distinguished the black-and-white check colours of L. McMorrow, the jockey from Sligo, who rode Russian Hero with the utmost confidence throughout the gruelling 4½-mile race. No. 17, just landing over the fence, is Leap Man, and No. 9, just behind, is Ulster Monarch, another very prominent runner**



**McMORROW BRINGS RUSSIAN HERO PAST THE POST A WINNER BY EIGHT LENGTHS: The Irish jockey winning the Grand National of 1949 on Mr. W. F. Williamson's 66-to-1 outsider. Russian Hero is a nine-year-old standing 16 hands 3 ins. Mr. Williamson, a Cheshire farmer, bred the winner and hunted Russian Hero in Cheshire, as he also hunted Russian Hero's dam Logique in her early days. Logique cost 25 guineas, and has produced her owner a number of fine foals**

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE CENTENARY DINNER OF THE HARDWICKE SOCIETY, THE BAR DEBATING SOCIETY: His Royal Highness reading an amusing extract from the 1927-31 minute-book of the Society during his address to members and guests in the New Hall of Lincoln's Inn. The President of the Society, Mr. R. Hendry White (Inner Temple), was in the chair

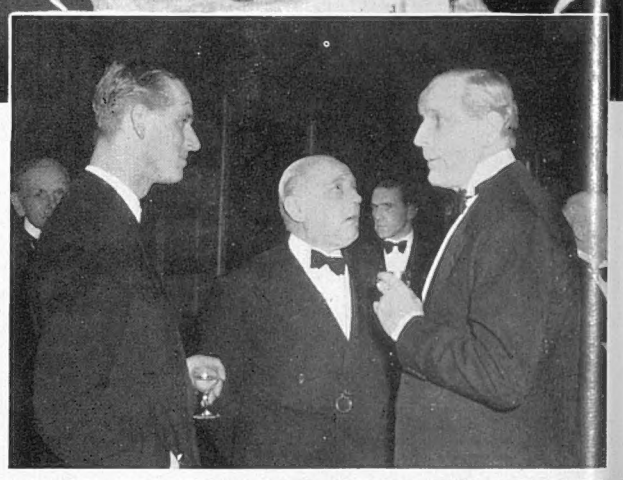
# THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH

## Talks to the Lawyers

# MR. CHURCHILL

## Meets the Press

The Duke of Edinburgh, who has a flair for after-dinner speaking, excelled himself at the Centenary Dinner of the Hardwicke Society when he made play with one of the old minute-books of the Society. The book, covering the years 1927-31, was rescued from the rubble when the Society's records were bombed during the war, and it contains, in addition to minutes, a number of Press cuttings which, in the light of recent history, are not without their entertainment value. One newspaper heading, which the Duke read out to his vastly amused audience, was "Why I am a Socialist," by Ramsay MacDonald. Another referred to a lively debate between Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Churchill and, with its faint praise for the oratorical powers of Mr. Churchill, and its fulsome praise for Mr. MacDonald, certainly showed what the passing years have done to some political reputations



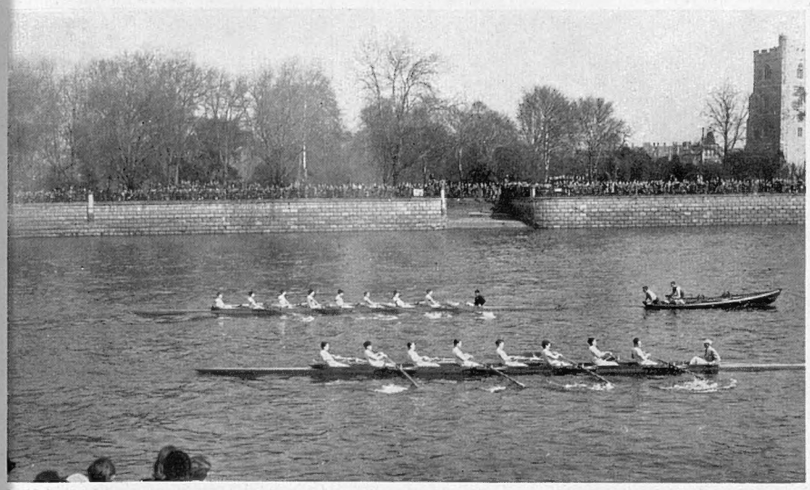
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE LORD CHANCELLOR: His Royal Highness with Lord Goddard and Lord Jowitt at the reception before the Centenary Dinner of the Hardwicke Society

*On right*—**MR. CHURCHILL GIVES THE "V" SIGN ON ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK: Britain's wartime Prime Minister on the deck of the "Queen Elizabeth" acknowledging greetings as the liner docked. On his left hand is Mrs. Churchill, and on his right hand are Captain and Mrs. Christopher Soames.**

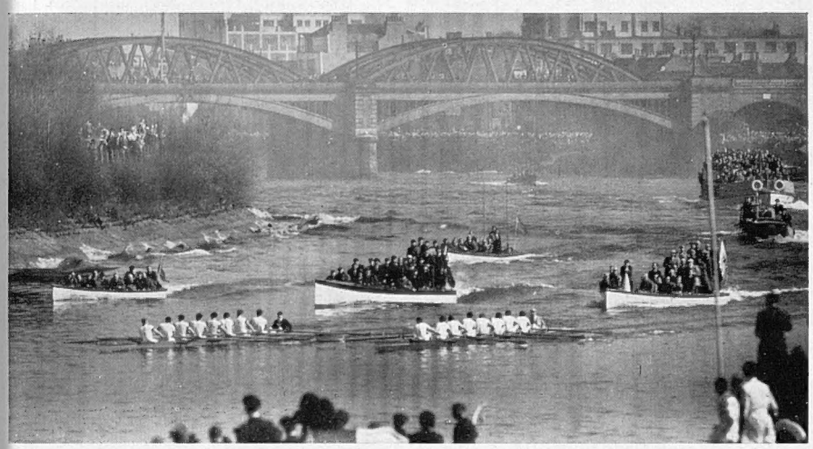
A few minutes before this picture was taken Mr. Churchill parried questions by the largest Press delegation that has ever met an incoming liner in New York. The Press Conference took place in the liner's cinema and Mr. Churchill showed himself markedly affected by the spontaneous outburst of applause which greeted him on his entry. So many reporters, broadcasters and photographers wanted to meet Mr. Churchill—nearly 200 in fact—that a Coast Guard cutter and two tugs had to be provided to take them all to the harbour entrance, where they clambered aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*. In the streets near the pier there was a large crowd. As the party, accompanied by a police escort, drove off, cheers drowned the imprecations of the pickets, mobilised for the occasion by the National Council of American Soviet Friendship. Typical placards carried by the pickets read: "We Want Peace" and "Go Home, Mr. Churchill." On the day of their arrival the Churchill family dined with President and Mrs. Truman in Washington

# THE BOAT RACE OF THE CENTURY

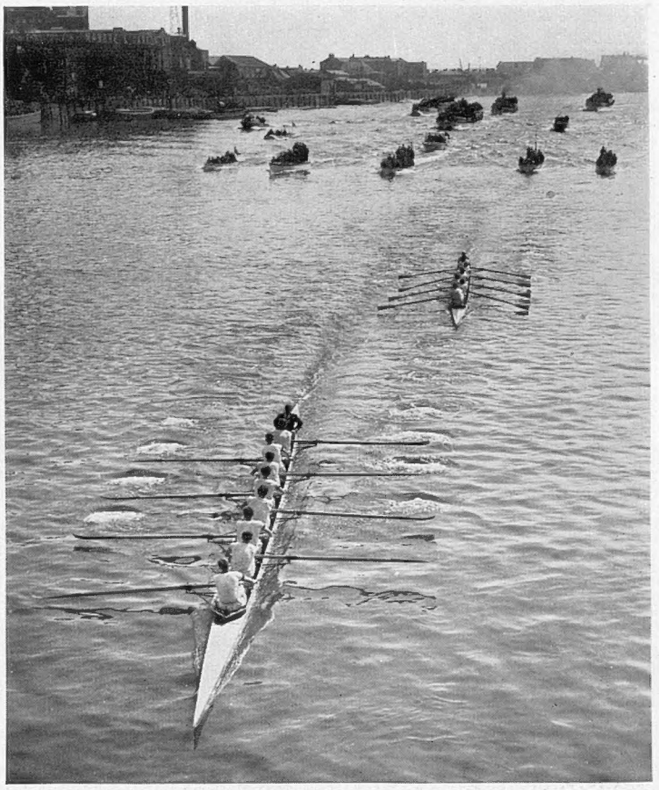
## Cambridge Win by a Quarter of a Length After an Epic Struggle



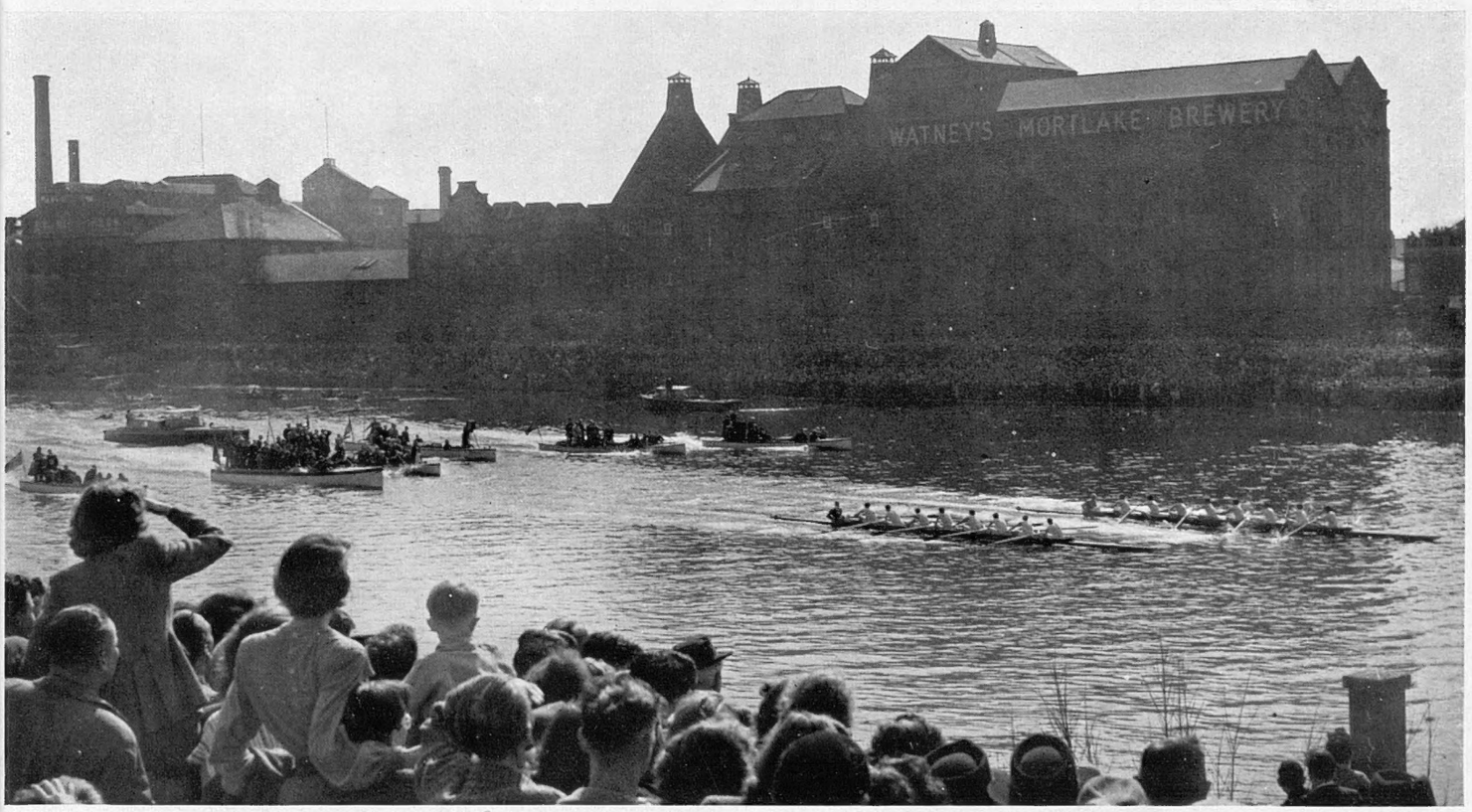
**OXFORD TOOK THE LEAD FROM THE START AND HELD IT UNTIL TEN STROKES FROM THE FINISH :** Oxford (background) won the toss and took the Middlesex station. They are seen forging ahead. Davidge, the Oxford stroke, did 37½ in the first minute. Cambridge did not get off well, and for a while it looked as if the Dark Blues might go right away from their rivals. At the end of the second minute Oxford were three-quarters of a length ahead



**AT BARNES BRIDGE WHEN THE BATTLE WAS FAST AND FURIOUS :** Oxford, with the advantage of the bend, are seen (left) holding on to their precarious lead. There is an old saying that the crew that is behind at Barnes Bridge never wins. This year Cambridge spurted, after shooting the bridge, and in the last ten strokes got up to win by a quarter of a length.



**THE TWO CREWS APPROACH HAMMERSMITH WITH OXFORD WELL IN THE LEAD :** At this stage Oxford were trying to gain a sufficiently commanding lead to take the Surrey water. But Jennens, the Cambridge stroke, spurted at the psychological moment and, in doing so, gave Cambridge the chance to seize victory in the closing stages. Oxford, who replied to the Cambridge spurt, shot Hammersmith Bridge with a lead of a length and a quarter




**THE FINISH OF AN EPIC RACE : The crews at Mortlake after their gruelling row. Oxford are in the foreground, but the angle at which the picture was taken is misleading. The official verdict in favour of Cambridge was a quarter of a length. Cambridge were led over the entire course until the last few strokes**

No novelist, choosing the University Boat Race as the climax of his drama, with the beautiful heroine cheering on the Light Blue stroke, battling, of course, against fearful odds, could have produced a greater degree of excitement than last Saturday's Boat Race produced in actuality. Never since the dead-heat in 1877 has there been so close a verdict as the quarter of a length by which Cambridge beat Oxford, and the fact that Oxford led all the way from Putney to Barnes, and were only passed in the last ten strokes of the race, gives some idea of the extraordinary excitement which prevailed. After Oxford had gained a clear lead of a length and a quarter at Hammersmith, Jennens, the Cambridge stroke, came at them again and again. But every time Oxford held them off and spurted in turn. By Barnes Bridge the pace was beginning to tell, and although Oxford had the final bend in their favour, Davidge's calls for action brought a lesser response. At Barnes Davidge called for his last effort and, striking 35, it seemed that Oxford might just hold on to win. Cambridge, rowing like men inspired, almost lifted their boat ahead as they crossed the line. The two strokes, Jennens and Davidge, rowed magnificent races, and it was sheer dogged courage, a refusal to give in, that enabled Cambridge to snatch a sensational victory in the last moment.

*Peeps Behind the Curtain*

# 1,300 DEPUTIES CROWD THE KREMLIN

## To Hear the Budget and the Armed Forces Assessment

1,300 deputies from all parts of the Soviet Union packed the Andrew's Hall in the Kremlin and strolled beneath the great chandeliers of the Geogievsky Hall when they met in Moscow recently to hear the Budget with its mighty allocations for the armed forces. Their meeting took place shortly after the replacement of Mr. Molotov by Mr. Vishinsky, and it was noted that Mr. Molotov and Generalissimo Stalin received most enthusiastic cheers as they entered the meeting. The 1,300 deputies applauded for four minutes, indeed, before the chairman banged his gavel.

A dozen Russian chiefs have been affected by the big reshuffles of the last few weeks. First came the change at the Soviet Foreign Ministry, with the promotion of Mr. Vishinsky to take the place of Mr. Molotov, and simultaneously it was announced that Mr. Mikoyan, Minister of Foreign Trade, was also being relieved of departmental duties.

A fortnight later five more officials were relieved of their duties, including Nikolai Voznesenky, Vice-Premier and Chairman of the State Planning Commission. Last week there was a further

(*Continued above on right*)

**BENEATH THE MIGHTY CHANDELIERS OF THE GEORGIEVSKY HALL THE 1,300 DEPUTIES OF THE SUPREME SOVIET FORGATHER:** This was the glittering scene within the Kremlin during an interval in the joint session of the two Chambers. The most important item which came before them was the Budget, presented by Finance Minister Zverev. The Minister told the Deputies that Russia was planning to spend £3,761,904,760 on the forces during 1949. Mr. Zverev said the rise was due to higher wholesale costs

**TOTTING UP THE MAMMOTH TOTAL:** Marshal of Aviation Vershinin was one of the Soviet Deputies most concerned when the Finance Minister presented his mammoth Budget with its vast allocation for the armed forces

**MARSHAL BULGANIN YIELDS PLACE TO MARSHAL VASSILEVSKY AS MINISTER OF THE ARMED FORCES:** Bulganin (*left*) is not a professional soldier, having been Mayor of Moscow before the war. Vassilevsky (*right*) was relieved of his post as Chief of the General Staff last November, the reason given being that he was overburdened with work. Vassilevsky has been described as the brain behind the Russian victories during the war

**PERSONALITIES AT THE SESSION OF THE SUPREME SOVIET: The bearded figure on the left is that of Mr. Kopvak, of the Ukrainian Republic. Seated just behind is Mrs. Cherchenko, of the Zassulsk Station. In the foreground (second from right) is Mr. Federov, Secretary of the Kherson Regional Committee of the Communist Party. On the right is Kozhedub, three times Hero of the Soviet Union**

GENERALISSIMO STALIN TAKES A BACK SEAT: The Generalissimo is seen seated in the rear of St. Andrew's Hall in the Kremlin as the Finance Minister, Mr. Sverev, announced his Budget, a Budget involving a vastly increased expenditure for the armed forces. Behind the Finance Minister are the members of the Presidium. Bulganin, who was displaced last week as Defence Minister, is seen seated on the opposite side of the gangway to Stalin. Just in front of Stalin on his left hand are Marshal Voroshilov and Nicholas Shvernik

(Continued from left)
surprise when Marshal Bulganin, Defence Minister since 1946, yielded place to the brilliant Marshal Vassilevsky, hero of the battles of Moscow, Stalingrad and Leningrad. At Voronesh Vassilevsky gained a great reputation for personal bravery when he led his men in the attack. And at Kharkov — scene of huge tank battles — he galvanised the Russian divisions, sending one general racing for the city from the north while another swept in from the south.

Nikolai Alexandrovich Bulganin is fifty-eight. He is not a professional soldier. Till 1937 he was Mayor of Moscow. He came to see L.C.C. street-cleaning machines in 1936. Stalin made him chairman of the State Bank and the Chemical Industries Council. In 1942 he became a lieutenant-general. Four years later he was appointed Defence Minister.

MR. VISHINSKY MAKES ONE OF HIS FIRST APPEARANCES AS RUSSIA'S FOREIGN MINISTER: Mr. Vishinsky (extreme right) seen in diplomatic uniform during the official reception at the Vnukov Aerodrome. At the microphone is Enver Hodja, Albania's Premier. The visit was an outcome of Albania's adhesion to the newly-formed Eastern European Council for Mutual Economic Assistance. The Council, which pointedly excludes Yugoslavia, has as its principal object the exchange of experience in the economic field and the provision of mutual assistance in regard to raw materials. Periodical meetings are to be held in all the member countries

DIMITRI SHOSHTAKOVITCH LEAVES GERMANY FOR THE UNITED STATES: The Soviet composer is seen (right) being escorted by a German policeman of the Western Sector as he was about to board an air-liner at the Tempelhof Aerodrome in the United States Sector of Berlin, en route to New York, where he heads the delegation at the Cultural and Scientific Conference on World Peace. The mild-mannered, bespectacled musician was besieged by reporters. Asked if he planned any musical activity in the United States, Shoshtakovitch answered tersely, "No." With Shoshtakovitch were Fadeyev, General Secretary of the Soviet Writers' Union, and Alexander Oparin, of the Soviet Academy of Sciences

LONDONERS AT A MEETING OF THE BRITISH SOVIET SOCIETY: A meeting of the Society in progress in Holborn Hall, Central London. The Society has quite a large number of women members, and it is allegedly cultural in intent. It has for some time past been proscribed by the Labour Party

# MERRIE MARTIN COMES TO FLEET STREET

## The New Headquarters of the Lord's Day Observance Society

By FERDINAND TUOHY

"THE English Sunday"—for what the words mean to the world at large—is a legacy of the nineteenth century in particular. The comfort induced by heavy feeding lay at its foundations. Without those meals which reached down to "the humblest cottage in the land," the gnawing void could but have stirred people from their proper station, in protest.

To-day the case against the English Sunday could be argued from a variety of premises.

There is the damage that it does to respected religious belief itself. A tiny minority responsible for Britain's Sabbatarian gloom is too easily confounded with "the Churches" in the minds of the many.

"Oh, those crackpots!" you hear. "Let 'em chant their 'ymns for all we care."

Fighting all the way to win back congregations, the Churches find themselves correspondingly baulked, and it is a source of wonder to me that the Church of England, especially, does not react more tellingly against those who handicap its efforts (such a one as Dr. Garbett, of York, who agrees that games are justified on Sunday afternoons).

There is the inability to refresh minds and bodies in the way foreigners are able to do, while respecting Sunday mornings and refraining until noon from activities calculated to offend sincerely believing—and therefore unpretending—folk. One has only to observe some of our foreign neighbours on a Monday morning, and compare them with the hangdog look worn all too frequently here. The former have enjoyed a real break for entertainment. It hasn't been a case of little or nothing to do outside one's abode.

A good deal of this recreation is in the form of sport which is forbidden here on Sundays, the effect being that our workers busy themselves with it on weekdays, whereas their foreign competitors have got it out of the way on Sundays. The interference with production is manifest; the loss of grace, did one watch a cup-tie on the Sabbath, less manifest.

I quote from one of our leading sectarian publications in order to show that others touched by grace are ready to espouse a part at least of "the Continental Sunday":

"Obviously, the holding of sports meetings on Sundays would in present conditions be a blessing to the country, since it would enable factories to be run for the full six working days, while the work itself could be planned so that each worker could have his half-day once a week."

Pass to holiday-makers—and first of all citizens of the United Kingdom who do not wish to go abroad. They fight shy of resorts at home, yet the resuscitation of the latter is part and parcel of national recovery. Here are two apposite voices in the matter:

"Holiday camps can have what entertainment they like on a Sunday, but we at seaside resorts are rather limited. At any time the Lord's Day Observance Society might come along and close down an entertainment."—*Mr. Kenneth Day, Hastings Director of Entertainment.*

"As soon as resorts can get authority to go ahead with their schemes (improving amenities and removing restrictions) there is going to be a worthwhile brightening up in this country."—*Wing-Commander J. R. Robinson, M.P., President of the Association of Health and Pleasure Resorts.*

What effect does the encircling Sabbath gloom have upon the tourists who are being enticed to these shores with a view to bettering the balance of payments?

I doubt if the English Sunday bears as heavily on visitors as it does on the urban population of these islands. After all, it hardly matters to the former whether "Much Binding in the Marsh" is, or is not, given in the flesh on the Sabbath; which is one of the things the Days and Robinsons are campaigning for.

Many foreign tourists contrive to be in the country at week-ends, or are renewing expended energy in the standstill town or city. Others frankly want to see the English Sunday—once—as a curiosity, as the American vacationist might observe the dancing ritual on Bali. Yet one is probably correct in surmising that two English Sundays running exert a strong Continental pull on said vacationist.

Some of the foregoing tends to indicate that we are a step nearer than a year ago to inquiring into the economic consequences of the English Sunday—particularly since we have become joined to godless West Europe and have to compete with its productivity, as this is refreshed by the Continental Sunday. I sniff the scent of battle, and attribute to it the move of the Lord's Day Observance Society (Inc.) from a north-west suburban office to a four-storeyed freehold building in Fleet Street.

The cost of the new Lord's Day House is given as £50,000, but no appeal for funds was necessary. The Society was granted war damage compensation, and the balance was easily contributed from funds which derive from receipts amounting to £30,000 a year.

Like every professional reformer, sixty-seven-year-old Secretary Herbert Martin will rejoice at *any* sort of publicity here given him and the pennant carrying the inscription "Our Lord and His Day" which will flutter above the heads of worldly Fleet Streeters. When I hear "Merrie," "Misery" or "Meddling" Martin talking to an interviewer (in this case from the *Daily Herald*) I might be listening again to Pussyfoot Johnson:

"They call me a kill-joy. I think they mean a kindle-joy. Ask those who, like me, have found joy in the Christian life. . . . Once a newspaper nicknamed me 'Misery' Martin. And the next day I received a donation of £6,000. I don't mind what they call me as long as they do not ignore me."

Yet Martin differs from Johnson in one respect: whereas the former invades Fleet Street with banners flying, as it were, Pussyfoot had lain low for many months at No. 69 before I discovered him. Pussyfoot had meant to go on undermining much longer, before coming into the open, and the premature publicity and fun of his nickname combined to undo his work for the American Anti-Saloon League.

Only in England could such a prehistoric anachronism as this Lord's Day Society still exert the power to say what people shall or shall not do for one-seventh of their lives. This is done by 50,000 subscribers, and that close on 50,000,000 do nothing about it is no cause for self-congratulation. Nor should one imagine that such supineness sends up the national stock abroad, since the average foreign reaction to this story is likely to be a blend of "they are mad" and "same old hypocrisy."

However: the new residents of Fleet Street quote from the law when they are not quoting Biblical phrases . . . to wit, from the Lord's Day Observance Act, 1781, and from the Sunday Entertainments Act, 1932. To give the temper of these gentry in this alleged democratic age of liberty, here is Martin holding forth on the legality of local councils refusing citizens the right to vote at all on Sunday cinemas:

"The 1932 Act helps us because there are times when it is necessary to be dictatorial. Local councils are responsible for the dignity and uplift of the community. If they think it is wrong for cinemas to open on Sunday, I can't see that it matters what the people think. We would fight very hard if there were any suggestion of the Act being changed."

The Society also campaigns against Sunday sports, Sunday variety, Sunday jazz, trading, factory work, rabbit shooting, repertory and hypnotic acts, and even against Sunday B.B.C., though I had thought the last had become largely a religious institution on the seventh day. One never knows when one is going to find oneself being uplifted or preached at. One moment, one may be listening to adventure; the next, uplift has been deftly woven in.

A council of fourteen governs the Society, which is strongest in the North, the Midlands, East Anglia, Devon and Cornwall.

Last year's expenditure is given as follows: £7,500 on travelling and salaries of secretaries and organisers; £3,330 on printing; £1,100 on postage; £1,000 on advertising and appeals.

The most remunerative piece of travel seems to have been when the secretary went to Paris to investigate "the evils of the Continental Sunday." It must have been some time back, since one couldn't get far today on the fiver which Martin says he spent. However, he says that a legacy of £25,000 was hooked by his revelations when he returned to the hallowed fruits of the English Sunday.

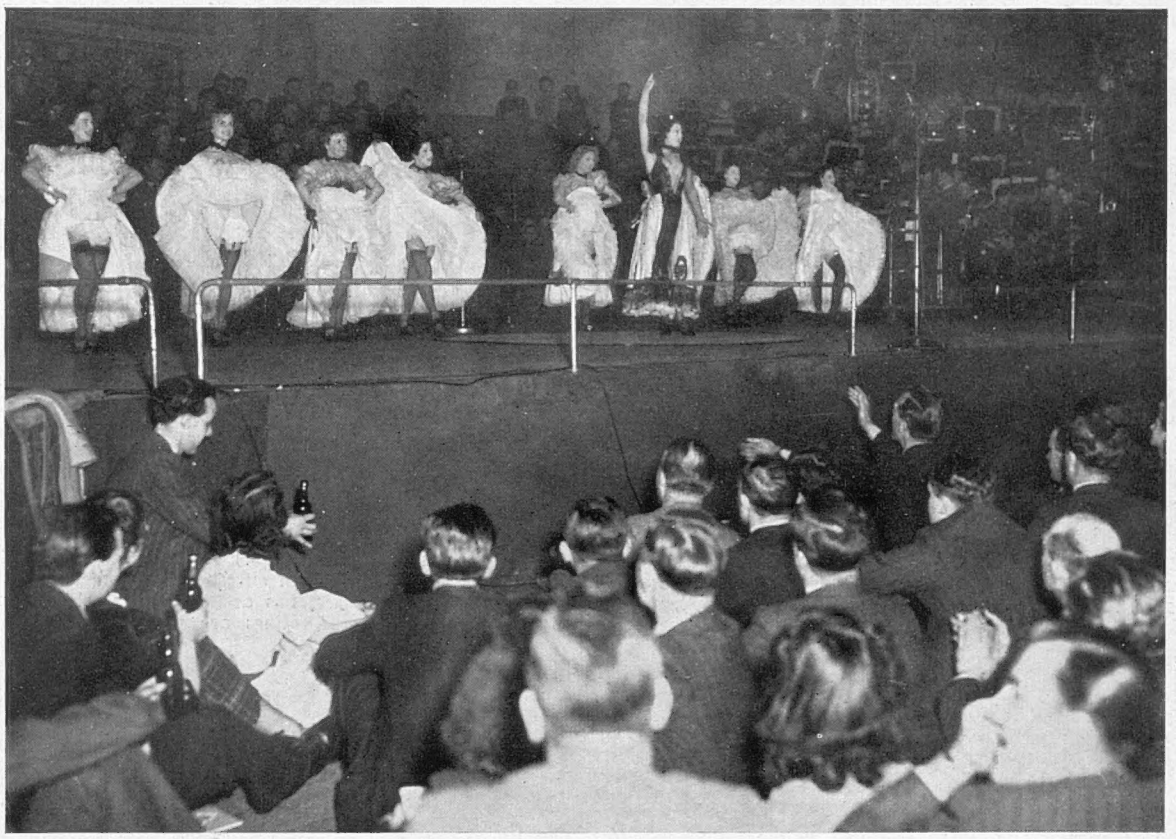
I suggest that he should now give Paris a miss, and proceed to Germany and Austria instead. I cite the godless scenes recently enacted in Cologne and Vienna, where people in vanquished, occupied lands celebrated carnival with abandon because it was the first time in years that they had had enough food, liquor and costume material:

"For once the ruins [of Cologne] were forgotten, the city was radiant with colour, and its streets were thronged with merrymakers in fancy dress."

And of Vienna: "In the carnival just ended, 400,000 people went to 1,743 balls, dances and fancy-dress events—an average of 1,500 at the big events."

The next act in this tragi-comedy is billed for Easter Sunday at Hastings, where Mr. Day says he intends to put on "Much Binding." "We shall," he says, "do all the Act forbids, and charge for admission. I am ready to go to jail for the great principle—the freedom of the people."

To which Mr. Martin retorted by alleging that from over £960 raised in another part of the country, charity received only £3 12s. That is, of course, an entirely different matter, which could easily be challenged on its own, quite apart from the injurious blight here under review.



**A "CONTINENTAL NIGHT" IN LONDON—WINDMILL GIRLS ENTERTAINING THE VETERANS AT THE EMPIRE BOMBER COMMAND REUNION AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL: Well-known radio stars took part in the programme, and part of the entertainment was broadcast in the Light Programme.** Early in the proceedings there were insistent calls for "Butch"—Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Arthur Harris, wartime chief of Bomber Command, who is now living in South Africa. Later, Air Marshal Sir Robert Saundby read a characteristic message from Sir Arthur Harris, sent from Capetown. Having sent "my respects and affection" and praised the work of all branches of the Command, he added: "Above all, my admiration to those, too few, survivors of our devoted aircrews, who knocked the enemy flat on land and sea and out of the air, and whose sons, if need be, will knock him yet flatter—after the long-haired gentry have got through picking him up, dusting him off, and kissing him better—yet once again. Happy landings, even if the wheels are up"

# TRAINING THE R.A.F.'s PARACHUTE NURSES

## The Second Medical Team in Practice Jumps at Upper Heyford

READY FOR THE BIG DROP: Senior Sister V. M. Ashworth, Sister I. N. Thomson, Corporal D. L. Purvis, and A.C.W. Sheldon, of the W.R.A.F., four members of an airborne medical team under training at Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire. The R.A.F.'s first parachute medical unit made their initial jumps as a team last October, and now the second team has completed its training. The present plan is to train about six teams a year, and to give refresher training at intervals. Each team is composed of three orderlies, an operating-room assistant under a medical officer, and four nurses of Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service. The girls wear battle dress and the normal parachutist helmet and ankle boots

The idea of the parachute medical unit is to make it possible to deal at short notice with casualties at aircraft accidents in areas which would otherwise be inaccessible. Teams would be ready at air stations to leave at a moment's notice for an aircraft accident, fully qualified to deal with casualties and equipped for a stay of seven days. In time of war they would work in the forward areas. The 200 lb. of equipment carried by each team makes it possible for the sky nurses to deal with blood transfusions, severe burns, broken limbs and shock.

The pictures on this page were taken when the second of the R.A.F.'s parachute teams of sky nurses completed their training at Upper Heyford, Oxfordshire. The members of the teams are all volunteers and have shown themselves tremendously keen on this task, which may have a far-reaching influence upon civil and military aviation.

Experiments are now being made by the Transport Command Development Unit, in conjunction with the R.A.F. Medical Training Establishment, to determine the best way of packing delicate medical equipment so that it will not be damaged on landing.

The routine when a team is parachuted down is for members to release themselves from their parachutes and hasten to the assembly point. There they pick up supplies and establish their dressing station. Within a few moments after they have been parachuted down, the stretchers are ready and the first casualties are receiving attention.

Air Vice-Marshal Livingston, Director-General of R.A.F. Medical Services, who commented on the new development last autumn, declares that at first six teams a year will be trained for these missions of mercy

A SKY GIRL GOES INTO ACTION: One of the nurses of the second medical unit to be trained about to make a practice leap from an aircraft above Upper Heyford, the No. 1 Parachute and Glider Training School

THE NURSES MAKE ONE OF THEIR TRAINING JUMPS: *Left*—Sister Isobel Thomson leaving the training aircraft. *Right*—Two of the nurses in the air and Sister Thomson, in the doorway of the aircraft, ready to make the leap. During their four-weeks course eight descents are made by each member of the team

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# UNDER THE NEW ORDER IN ISRAEL

## Jewish Refugees Flown From Aden : Hagana Day in Haifa : Western Galilee's New Governor

**AIR-LIFTED TO A NEW HOMELAND : Jewish mothers and their children tended by a nurse of the Women's International Zionist Organisation as they flew from Aden to Israel in one of the craft of Alaskan Airlines, an American company now carrying out air-lift operations on behalf of the American Joint Distribution Committee.** The Aden Jews, it may be remembered, suffered terribly in the pogrom of 1947, when the Aden Arabs rose up against them. Since that time they have lived under guard in the Crater Quarter of the port

**THE ADEN REFUGEES SIT THREE ON A SEAT AS THEY FLY TO ISRAEL : Many of these Jews, who have suffered much at the hands of the Aden Arabs, are hopelessly undernourished and there was no difficulty in packing them three to a seat for the journey to their new homes in Israel on the American-organised air-lift.** To-day in the Near East a vast reshuffle is in progress, though, happily, unattended by the horrors of internecine strife which signalised the Punjab reshuffle when India and Pakistan scrambled for position in Northern India. Great efforts are now being made by the International Committee of the Red Cross, the League of Red Cross Societies, and the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers) to improve the situation of the refugees in Palestine and the adjacent countries, and there are also others at work in the same field. The most serious refugee situation is said to be among the 26,000 Arabs now encamped at Jericho

**HAGANA DAY IS CELEBRATED IN THE CITY OF HAIFA WITH A MILITARY PARADE :** *Left*—**Marines, infantry and military police, all detachments of Israel's Hagana Army, parading in the city, and** (*right*) **the ride past of the Circassian cavalry, non-Jewish citizens of the new State of Israel. This Hagana Day was of special significance, as it was celebrated for the first time in the independent State of Israel. Since June of last year, when the Provisional Government of Israel issued a decree making civil disobedience an act of treason and ordering the arrest of Irgunists and other extremist elements, the Hagana Army of Israel has been organised on a unified basis, all "dissident" formations being excluded. The Hagana Army was known in the days of the Mandate as the Jewish Agency's Secret Defence Organisation. It upheld a policy of moderation when Stern Gang and Irgun extremist activities were at their height**

**THE FIRST ISRAELI GOVERNOR OF WESTERN GALILEE : The ancient Galilean village of Peqi'in, which has never been left by the Jews throughout its history, was the scene of colourful ceremonial when the population welcomed Rehavam Amir, the new Governor. In the picture** *on the left* **the Governor (standing on steps, extreme left) is seen thanking the elders for their reception.** *On the right* **the Governor's guard of honour is preparing to march through the village**

# GERMANY, EAST and WEST

## The Re-emergence of Von Papen: A New Runway for Tegel: The Call of the People's Council: Mark Time in the West

**A SECOND NEW RUNWAY AT TEGEL AIRPORT, IN THE FRENCH SECTOR OF BERLIN, WILL FURTHER SPEED THE AIRLIFT: Bulldozers of the United States Engineers engaged in levelling the ground for a landing-strip which will handle the huge C 97 aircraft which the Americans are going to employ for bringing supplies into the city. The C 97s have a capacity of twenty tons.** This extension for the airlift will be completed by September, and exemplifies the long-term policy now agreed upon by the Western Allies in relation to the Berlin blockade. Professor Reuter, chief burgomaster of Berlin, stated after his recent visit to London and interview with Britain's Foreign Secretary that the airlift would continue until it could be lifted under acceptable conditions

**WHERE THE COMMUNIST-CONTROLLED AND RUSSIAN-SPONSORED PEOPLE'S COUNCIL GATHERED TO ISSUE AN INVITATION TO WESTERN GERMANS: The former Luftwaffe headquarters in Eastern Berlin, scene of the two-day session at which it was decided to invite representatives of the Parliamentary Council of Bonn and the Economic Council of Frankfurt to a meeting at which they might discuss "steps which could be taken in common to maintain the unity of Germany and to guarantee the peaceful development of the country and the democratisation of the public life."** The letter of invitation sent out by the People's Council suggested that the meeting should take place in April, possibly in Brunswick, in the British Zone of Germany. Herr Wilhelm Pieck, the Communist leader, is one of the signatories of the highly controversial letter. One sentence in the letter declares: "The splitting of Germany by the building of a Western State signifies a mortal danger to the national existence of the German people. In addition there is growing danger of a new war"

**NEW HOUSES IN THREE WEEKS: Fritz Leonhardt, an engineer, is employing this new technique at Weinheim, near Heidelberg. A cement-and-rubble mixture is poured into steel forms, erected by unskilled labour, and in an average of twenty-one days complete houses can be moulded. Windows are prefabricated**

**HERR VON PAPEN GIVES EVIDENCE IN THE HINDENBURG DENAZIFICATION TRIAL: The former Reich Chancellor, who was also Vice-Chancellor under Hitler, and facilitated the final rise to power of the Nazis, seen testifying in the court at Ulzen, near Hanover, when he denied that the political testament of the late President Hindenburg had been forged.** Von Papen gave this evidence on behalf of Oscar von Hindenburg (seen seated in centre), the son of the old President, whose denazification appeal was being heard. Papen said that in the spring of 1934 he had drawn up the draft of a political testament for President Hindenburg. Oscar von Hindenburg, he said, had taken no part in the formulation of the draft, which advocated that the offices of Reich President and Reich Chancellor should not be merged, and that at an appropriate time the monarchy should be restored in Germany. Hitler, he said, was very much inclined to agree, but insisted that "order must be restored first." One of the complaints now made against Oscar von Hindenburg is that in a speech he presented Hitler to the German people as the successor of his father's choice, and called upon them to stand unitedly behind him. Von Papen was released from detention in January after being reclassified as a Nazi offender of the Second Degree. He is debarred from public life

**HIGH-RANKING RUSSIANS AT THE PEOPLE'S COUNCIL MEETING IN EASTERN BERLIN: Colonel Tulpanov (third from left), political affairs expert, and Ambassador Semonov, Political Adviser to the Soviet Military Governor, listening to the speeches calling for a united Germany**

**BERLINERS LEARN THE NEWS OF CURRENCY REFORM: Queueing up to buy newspapers announcing that the Soviet Zone East Mark now ceases to be legal tender in the Western Zones of Germany.** Since currency reform in Western Germany last June, the East Mark and the West Mark have been circulating side by side (at four East Marks to one West Mark) in Western Berlin, causing both confusion and inequality. The majority of workers received 25 per cent. of their wages in West Marks and 75 per cent. in East Marks. East Marks have had to be accepted for essential services, such as payments for rationed food, transport, and taxes, but anyone wanting to buy such articles as shoes, clothing, etc., had to pay in West Marks

1. THE GROUNDING OF THE "CHRISTIAN BERGH": The 7,126-ton freighter beached at Sea Bright, New Jersey, after losing her way

2. HOLLAND BUILDS A NEW LINER FOR THE ATLANTIC RUN: The 16,000-ton "Oslofjord" on the stocks in Amsterdam, where she is being built for the Norwegian Shipping Line

3. MR. TRUMAN ON HOLIDAY: The President seen with his adviser, John R. Steelman, in the grounds of the "Winter White House" at Key West

**1. THE "CHRISTIAN BERGH" LOSES HER WAY:** In a blinding snowstorm the American tanker, bound for Hoboken from Petraf, Greece, missed New York Harbour and ended up ingloriously in less than 2 ft. of water and within 2 ft. of a sea wall at Sea Bright, New Jersey. None of the crew was injured as the grain ship went aground, and before the opportunity was taken to refloat the *Christian Bergh* at high tide with the aid of tugs, the men took shore leave. The vessel is owned by the Albatross Steamship Company and is ferrying grain to Greece.

**2. THE "OSLOFJORD" TO OPERATE BETWEEN SCANDINAVIA AND NORTH AMERICA:** Norway's merchant fleet, so much depleted during the war years by U-boat sinkings, will receive another new addition in 1950, when the 16,000-ton *Oslofjord* goes into service on the Western Ocean. It was arranged that she should be launched in Amsterdam to-day by Princess Martha of Norway, and it is expected that the task of fitting her out will be complete by the end of the year. The *Oslofjord*, the biggest ship built in Holland for a foreign line, will have swimming pools, and, in addition to the usual public rooms, there will be an elaborate Winter Garden.

**3. CENSORSHIP TROUBLE IN THE FLORIDA PARADISE:** Newsreel pictures of President Truman's holiday activities, some of them made from a naval blimp, were censored on grounds of security by the American Secret Service. After scenes showing the Winter White House in relation to naval installations at Key West had been cut out, the rest of the pictures were released, including beach scenes showing the President and Chief Justice Vinson relaxing in the Florida sunshine. The picture reproduced on the left did not come under the ban, although future invasions of the President's privacy are to be sternly repressed. It shows President Truman and his adviser, Dr. John R. Steelman, leaving the Winter White House to board a Navy crash boat. The Chief Executive caught a 16-lb. "grouper" and a barracuda of similar weight. The President returned to Washington by air on March 19 after a four-hour flight from Florida in his plane, the *Independence*. Any thoughts that the President and the photographers were no longer *en rapport* were set aside by Mr. Truman's first official function on his return to the capital, when he attended a dinner given by the White House News Photographers' Association, with whom he has always been on the most cordial terms.

# FOREIGN NEWS IN PICTURES

A Survey of Events Abroad

**4 and 5. THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE REIGN OF POPE PIUS XII:** The Vatican is in the midst of considerable activity at the present moment. The Pope's anniversary was celebrated by a magnificent ceremony in the Sistine Chapel at which fourteen Cardinals and members of the Diplomatic Corps were present. The Pope, wearing the Triple Tiara, was carried to the chapel in the gestatorial chair, and after a Mass, in which he took part, he

**PARIS POLICE WEAR WHITE CAPES AND CARRY LUMINOUS BATONS:** This new equipment, designed for easing the course of night traffic, was seen recently when the first gendarme to be thus equipped appeared at the crossing of the Boulevard Magenta and the Rue St. Quentin, near the Gare du Nord

4. POPE PIUS XII PRESIDES OVER A SEMI-PUBLIC CONSISTORY IN THE VATICAN: His Holiness, now celebrating his tenth anniversary, seen with his Cardinals

5. ROME PREPARES FOR HOLY YEAR: This hotel, near St. Peter's, will accommodate, 400 at a time, pilgrims who will be flocking to the city in 1950

**6. CHINA—THE NATIONALISTS' MULE-DRAWN ARTILLERY:** A unit crossing the Garden Bridge in Shanghai en route to new positions on the Yangtze

**7. RUMBLING NORTH FOR WHAT MIGHT BE THE LAST BATTLE:** Chinese mule-drawn artillery on the Bund in Shanghai as their unit regrouped

received from the Cardinals a renewal of their obedience. On the following day there were two consistories, and at the first of them—a secret consistory—His Holiness considered the canonisation of five women, three of them Italian and two French. Jeanne de Valois, one of the French candidates, Queen of France in the fifteenth century, was the foundress of the Order of the Annonciades. The Pope has declared that he will make known his decisions on the canonisations on May 2. Rome is now busily preparing for the Holy Year in 1950, when a record number of pilgrims is expected by the Vatican. A new hotel is going up in the region of St. Peter's. In addition to accommodation for 400 of the pilgrims, the hotel block will contain offices for Catholic Action organisations, information offices for pilgrims, and a theatre to accommodate 2,500 people.

**6 and 7. NANKING AND SHANGHAI AWAIT THE YANGTZE BLOW:** The long lull in the Chinese Civil War which followed the resignation of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the dispatch of the Nationalist Peace Mission to Peking, showed signs of coming to an end last week when Chinese Nationalist troops, now regrouped, rumbled north to face the impending battles on the Yangtze front. At the same time it became known that General Lin Piao, the Communist whose North-East Liberation Army conquered Manchuria and helped to wrest Northern China from the Nationalists, had sent 100,000 of his seasoned troops southwards to join the two major Communist field armies operating in East and Central China. Thus both sides continued to concentrate on their military positions, and the belief was current in Shanghai that the Communists would attempt to force the Yangtze crossing without bothering with further peace negotiations.

**SENOR MERCANTE RECEIVES THE CONGRATULATIONS OF SENORA PERON:** The wife of the Argentinian President congratulating the President of the Constituent Assembly after the Assembly had given approval to the new Constitution, which secures her husband the right to seek a new term of office as President

**8. SKI-ING FOR THE ARLBERG KANDAHAR CUP:** St. Anton, Austria, was packed with both competitors and skiers from many nations for the great race. The snow was perfect and the celebrated Kandahar *piste*, 4½ kilometres in length, with a drop of 880 metres, was in good and fast condition. This year's Kandahar was a double occasion, being the silver jubilee of the British Kandahar Ski Club and the first time since the war that this Alpine ski-ing event had been held at its original birthplace. Zeno Colo, of Italy, was the winner of the cup.

**9. ARGENTINA HAS A NEW CONSTITUTION:** On March 16 President Peron drove in an open car from Government House, Buenos Aires, to Congress through streets lined by troops of all arms. While a salute of twenty-one guns was fired outside, the President took the oath of allegiance to the new Constitution, the Constitution of his own making which supersedes the Liberal Constitution of the year 1853. The Radical Opposition minority was not present at the ceremony in the Chamber of Deputies. The chief change in the Constitution is the eligibility of the President for re-election, whereas formerly Presidents could not succeed themselves.

**10. TWO MAJOR AIR DISASTERS IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE:** On March 10 a Lockheed Lodestar of Queensland Airlines crashed soon after taking off from Bilinga Airport, near Coolangatta, Queensland, and twenty-one people lost their lives when the plane was burnt out in the bush. A week later in New Zealand thirteen passengers, who were on board a National Airways aircraft, and the two pilots, were killed when the machine crashed in the heavily-wooded hills forty miles north of Wellington.

**8. WINTER SPORT AT ST. ANTON, AUSTRIA:** The scene on the snow-covered hillside during the annual race for the Kandahar Cup

**9. PRESIDENT PERON TAKES THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE:** The Argentinian Dictator making his declaration before the Constituent Assembly in Buenos Aires

**10. THE QUEENSLAND AIR DISASTER:** Twenty-one persons were killed when this Lockheed Lodestar of Queensland Airlines crashed after taking off at Bilinga

# ON THE SURF BEACHES OF NEW SOUTH WALES

## Bondi and Manly, Where the Youth of Sydney Enjoy, in Vast Numbers, the Once-forbidden Pastime of Sea-bathing

**BONDI BEACH, WHERE THE PEOPLE OF SYDNEY GO IN THEIR THOUSANDS TO SURF- AND SUN-BATHE: Bondi, lying on the South Pacific Ocean, but less than four miles from Sydney's Central Station, is the most popular of all the popular beaches, but there is choice in plenty at Manly, Chowder Bay, and Watson's Bay, all lying just within the harbour; at Carbanta, on the Paramatta River; at Coogee, near neighbour of Bondi, just south of Shark Point; and at Lady Robinson's Beach, Sandringham, and Sans Souci, on Botany Bay.** It is reckoned that, on a hot Sunday in Sydney, 250,000 people may flock to the beaches, and, needless to say, a big industry has sprung into existence in order to provide for them. The beach is controlled by Waverley Council, one of the councils of Greater Sydney; and around it cluster innumerable shops, restaurants, milk-bars, sideshows, and other forms of private enterprise which depend on the crowds of bathers for revenue. It is a strange reflection that at the start of the present century in New South Wales, bathing in open water between 6 a.m. and 8 p.m. was forbidden by law. In 1902 a Manly newspaperman publicly defied the law and attempted to swim during the forbidden hours. He was arrested, but the charge was dismissed, and the ban became a thing of the past

**A SUNDAY MORNING IN HIGH SUMMER ON THE PROMENADE AT BONDI: This is Sydney's most urban bathing resort, to which people flock by tram, train, bus and car whenever opportunity offers**

**BEACHES MEAN BIG BUSINESS: A board advertising just a few of the things the bather can buy or hire. You can be sprayed with sun-tan lotion for 1s. a time**

AT THE BEACH ACCESSORIES DEPOT: Where deck chairs, "surf-planes," rubber surf-boards, shaded chairs and sun-bathing chairs are let out by the hundred. Sydney girls spend quite a proportion of their wages on beach clothes. Regular surfers buy two costumes a year, and some as many as five at two or three guineas apiece. Beach coats (£1 15s.), shirts (£1 15s.), pull-overs (17s. 6d.), swim caps (5s. 6d.), beach bags (10s. 6d.) are among the many other accessories bought by the smart beach girl, for whom the great Sydney stores cater in a very large way

SUNBATHERS OF BONDI: A Sunday morning scene on the beach, where some of the young people are burnt almost black by daily exposure. In summer Sydney enjoys a humid heat, which inevitably drives the citizens out to the beaches, and in winter the climate is dry and bracing

A LIFE-SAVING TEAM ON DUTY ON THE BEACHES: At all the popular surfing resorts the swimming clubs station professional swimmers of great strength, whose business it is to rescue rash bathers who get into difficulties. Guards are also posted to watch for sharks, and the rocket or siren which announces the proximity of a sinister black fin is the signal for a rapid exit from the sea

PONY RIDES ARE A BIG ATTRACTION AT MANLY: For sixpence a time youthful visitors can ride the most docile of mounts, or if they want a friskier mount to canter across the sands, it is all the same to Mr. Fox, who comes down to the beach every day with sixteen ponies and one donkey. Manly lies on North Harbour, a mile or two from Sydney's North Head

THE FIRST HOME OF SURF-BATHING IN NEW SOUTH WALES: Tree-lined Manly Beach thronged with visitors last Boxing Day, one of the greatest of the open-air holidays of the Australian year. Manly, like Bondi, has been vastly commercialised, and those who want seclusion must go very much farther afield

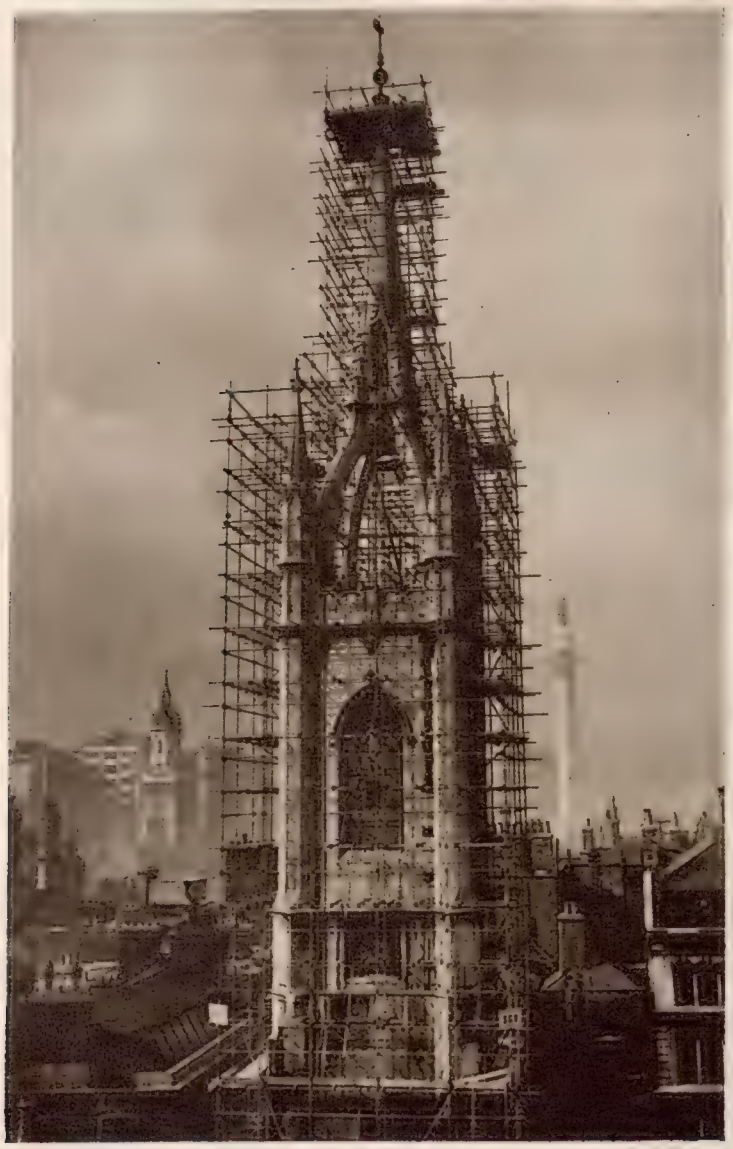
Ever since Beaurepaire, the great Australian swimmer, made his sensational visit to Europe in 1910, when he competed in forty-eight races against different nations, winning every one of them over distances from 100 yards to 3 miles, Australian swimming has enjoyed a prestige it has never lost. Swimming is, indeed, the national pastime of the Commonwealth, and it finds its greatest number of devotees in Sydney, where the beaches within the harbour area, in Botany Bay, and fronting the Pacific, enjoy a popularity which certainly has no exact counterpart in the Northern Hemisphere. There are 175 surf life-saving clubs in Australia, and of these, 102 are in New South Wales. The most thronged beaches are Manly and Bondi. In New South Wales surf-bathing is now very big business, and the commercial aspect is well to the fore. There is another and healthier aspect to the question, however. The Anzacs who stormed the heights of Gallipoli in the First World War, and the "Aussies" who penetrated the New Guinea jungles and ranged the Western Desert in the Second World War, both typified Australian manhood, the tall brown men who had strutted so proudly in their beach parades on gala days in Sydney proved in physique and discipline that they were more than equal to the occasion when the test of war came along. The forbidden sport of 1902 has certainly played no small part in the moulding of the Australian of to-day

# IN LONDON TOWN

## The Threat to St. Marylebone Old Church: Repairs to St. Dunstan's and the Fishmonger's Hall

The news that the Old Parish Church of St. Marylebone, now used as the parish's chapel, is in a serious state of decay is sad indeed, for it is a place of many remarkable associations. Sheridan was married at the old church in 1773 to Miss Linley, although he had previously gone through a form of marriage with her when escorting her to France, to avoid the persistent attentions of Major Mathews. Lord Byron was baptised at the church in 1788, and it was there, too, that Horatia Nelson Thompson, Nelson's daughter by Lady Hamilton, was baptised in 1803. In the churchyard was buried James Figg, the prize-fighter (1734), Allan Ramsay, the painter (1784), and Charles Wesley (1788). The Rector of St. Marylebone is appealing for £4,000 to save the building. Its present plight is lamentable. Part of one of the walls has been taken down and the roof is supported by stanchions

**WANTED, £4,000:** Outside St. Marylebone Old Parish Church in High Street, Marylebone (not to be confused with the nearby new church in Marylebone Road, where the Brownings were married), is a notice appealing for £4,000 to carry out urgent repairs. The notice also tells the passer-by that the Old Parish Church was built in 1740 when Marylebone was a mere village



**A FAMOUS LONDON CHURCH IN SPLINTS: Nearly four miles of tubular-steel scaffolding now cloak the steeple of St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, Lower Thames Street, the stonework of which is being checked for safety. The main body of the church (built in 1817) was hit during the blitz. St. Dunstan's tower was erected by Wren in 1667-69, following the Great Fire of London. In the background, just behind St. Dunstan's steeple, is the Monument built by Wren in 1671-77 to commemorate the Great Fire. Between 1750 and 1842 six persons committed suicide by throwing themselves from the top of the column. After that a cage was put round it. The Monument figures frequently in literature, particularly in the pages of Dickens**

**REPAIR WORK HAS BEEN STARTED ON THE FISHMONGER'S HALL: During the war this was the first of the halls of the City Livery Companies to suffer from enemy action, the beautiful court rooms being burnt out.** Other Livery Companies have also made a start on the repair of their damaged halls. The Fishmonger's Hall, the third on the site, was built in 1831-33. The Company was chartered in 1364. Sir William Walworth, the Lord Mayor of London who killed Wat Tyler, was a member of the Fishmonger's Company, and lived in the first hall

# —AND FROM THE COUNTRY

## The Thatcher's Art in Wiltshire : A Petticoat Lane in Kent

A reed roof well laid will last for half-a-century without repair, and the life of a straw thatch is at least thirty years. Country folk know these qualities full well, also the warmth which thatch imparts in winter and the coolness in summer, and for these very solid reasons it is doubtful if the thatcher's art will ever die out in this country. Mr. E. J. Pearce, who is seen engaged in thatching at Chisledon, Wiltshire, belongs to a family of experts. His outfit consists of a billhook, a paring knife, a large forked stick to contain the drawn straw, and a wooden rake with iron teeth. He has also a supply of tarred cord and wooden pegs, the latter made of split hazel or willow. After the straw has been made into bundles the successive courses are laid, starting with the eaves. Each successive course is secured with pegs and twine. Sometimes split hazel rods are used instead of twine.

**THE THATCHER'S ART :** Mr. E. J. Pearce, of Swindon, one of four brothers who are all expert thatchers, and whose father and grandfather were also thatchers, is seen carrying yelms up to the ridge of the roof of a cottage, which he is re-thatching at Church Street, Chisledon, near Swindon. This part of the work is known as ridging, and makes a watertight finish

**USING AN EAVES-HOOK TO SHAPE THE EAVES AT THE JUNCTION OF TWO COTTAGES : Mr. E. J. Pearce, of Swindon, seen engaged upon another phase of the work on two cottages at Chisledon.** Thatchers always work up from the eaves, fixing the yelms, or bundles of straw, with pegs and cord, or split hazel twigs. To complete it the thatcher fixes a "ledger" which can be clearly seen to the right of the ladder. It is formed of sticks of willow fastened with wooden pegs

**PETTICOAT LANE IN THE KENTISH COUNTRYSIDE : Members of the Hurst Horticultural Society buying from one of the stalls set up every Sunday morning at Bexley, Kent, in the shadow of the old oast houses. Everything the amateur gardener needs is to be had on these stalls. Trading is very brisk at this season**

**EVERYTHING FOR THE AMATEUR GARDENER : The busy Sunday morning scene at the Bexley oast houses, the Kentish Petticoat Lane, where the Hurst Horticultural Society sets up its stalls on Sunday mornings.** Fertilisers, plants, pots, shovels, rakes, insect spraying equipment, peasticks and lengths of garden hose are among the many and varied articles on offer. The Hurst Horticultural Society, which stores its wares in the oast houses, buys at bulk rate and the reductions are passed on to its member customers. The Bexley oast houses, which are owned by the Borough Council, are the nearest oast houses to London

**THE AUSTRALIAN CAMP AT ATLAS COVE ON HEARD ISLAND, IN THE SUB-ANTARCTIC, 3,500 MILES SOUTH-WEST OF MELBOURNE:** Fourteen members of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition have recently returned to Australia after a stay of fourteen months on Heard Island and a relief party has now taken over for another twelve-months spell of duty. Heard Island is 25 miles long, 9 miles at its widest and covers 100 square miles. It is inhabited by seals, penguins, ducks and rabbits, and it possesses little vegetation and no trees

**AN ICICLE GROTTO AT CORINTHIAN BAY:** This cave is a favourite hide-out for paddies, or sheafbills, part of Heard Island's bird population. Before the coming of the Australians, Heard Island was last visited by the British, Australian and New Zealand Antarctic Expedition of 1929-1931, which was led by Sir Douglas Mawson, the Australian Polar explorer. The latest expedition reached the island just before Christmas 1947

# FOURTEEN MONTHS on HEARD ISLAND

## With the Australians in the Sub-Antarctic

*Fourteen members of the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition have returned to Australia after fourteen months on Heard Island, in the sub-Antarctic, 3,500 miles south-west of Melbourne. The expedition established an "A"-class weather and scientific research station on the previously uninhabited island, a station that has been able to provide both flying men and agriculturists in Australia with weather reports of the first importance. The tank-landing ship H.M.A.S. "Labuan," which brought the fourteen Crusoes back to Australia, left a relief party for another twelve-months spell of duty. This account of life on the island is by one of the radio operators, Arthur Scholes.*

Fourteen of us spent fourteen months on what must surely be the loneliest island in the world. During this time our only contact with the rest of the world was by radio. Our nearest neighbours were a handful of South African scientists on Marion Island 1,400 miles to the north-west.

We had a point-to-point radio contact with the South Africans. Each night after we had passed our weather information, we would have a friendly

AN AUSTRALIAN FIELD PARTY ON THE WAY TO SURVEY HEARD ISLAND'S PLATEAU : This party is seen making the long pull up the moraine to the Schmidt Glacier. The human huskies are Bob Dovers, of Wolongong, New South Wales, George Compton, of Kalgoorlie, and John Abbotsmith, whose home is in the snowclad Mount Kosciusko range on the borders of New South Wales and Victoria. They mapped and surveyed the whole island during their stay

BATTLING THEIR WAY THROUGH A BLIZZARD : Two members of a weather party struggling across the high plateau. During their fourteen months on Heard Island the scientists recorded fifty-two cyclones, eight with a wind velocity of over 100 m.p.h. High winds, in fact, proved far more trying than cold. The island is in the midst of a cyclonic belt which sweeps around the South Indian Ocean somewhere between the south latitudes 50 and 60 deg.

SENIOR RADIO OPERATOR LEM MACEY RISKS BEING BITTEN AS HE MAKES A CLOSE-UP EXAMINATION OF A SEA ELEPHANT : Sea elephants, sea leopards and a few seals form the greater part of the animal life on Heard Island. Sea elephants are morose but sluggish, often expressing resentment against the human intruders in their domain

AN ADULT FUR SEAL OF HEARD ISLAND : These valuable animals, much hunted for their pelts, are sometimes found as far north as the Australian coast. They are about half the size of sea elephants, and are very rarely seen nowadays even in sub-Antarctic waters

chat across the air. Precious little was known of Heard Island when we landed there in December 1947. Much of the information was incorrect. Now the whole island has been surveyed.

All hands were required to build the camp. The job took two months. Top-flight scientists took their turn with the hammer and nails. Many of the prefabricated hut sections were smashed during landing operations. Luckily there were some handy men among our small party.

By the end of February 1948 fourteen huts had been erected, and our weather station was on an operational basis. Our broadcasts to Australia covered weather conditions for eighteen hours of the day.

The weather of the Southern Hemisphere is made down on the Antarctic continent. The great cold mass, an area bigger than the whole of Australia, acts as a giant refrigerator. Knowledge of the movement of the polar air currents is scanty. That was the information we were there to collect—by balloon flights into the upper atmosphere.

Pilot-balloon flights began in February. At Easter the meteorologists started their radio-sonde flights.

By the middle of April winter was upon us. It was anybody's guess how severe this might be, but we took no chances. Stone barricades and drum shelters were built round the huts. Roofs were guyed to the ground. We were prepared for the worst.

Snow covered the ground round our Atlas Cove base camp from April till the middle of November. Ski-ing was the only method of travelling round the neighbourhood. The worst of the winter did not come until June, when the sun hung like a lifeless orb 13 degs. above the horizon. Week followed week when the weak yellow disc was seen only for fleeting moments. The monotony of camp routine was hard to take.

June was one of the worst months for blizzards. Several times the wind anemometer registered gusts exceeding 100 m.p.h.

Huts shuddered and strained at the guy wires when the peak gusts raced through the camp. Our earlier wisdom of preparing for the worst possible winter was rewarded. Negligible damage was suffered by the huts.

Men on essential duties dashed from hut to hut. Sometimes you had to grip the guys as the gusts swept past. Drift filled the hood of your anorack, your eyes, face and neck. No one stayed out longer than he could help.

All hands were called for emergency jobs. We found our food supplies were buried under 6 ft. of solid ice. It was a two-days job with pickaxes and shovels. Then when the cases were cleared, another blizzard hit the camp, covering the lot over again.

Our weather men maintained their observations throughout the year, sending 3,000 reports back to the Commonwealth Meteorological Office. This information was passed to the South African and New Zealand Governments, who are also interested in finding out "what makes the weather."

Our radio communications were subject to periods of black-out which left us isolated. The black-outs could occur any time and often. They generally came at the time of the auroræ, when the whole sky would be filled with coloured searchlights and moving curtain, fold after fold.

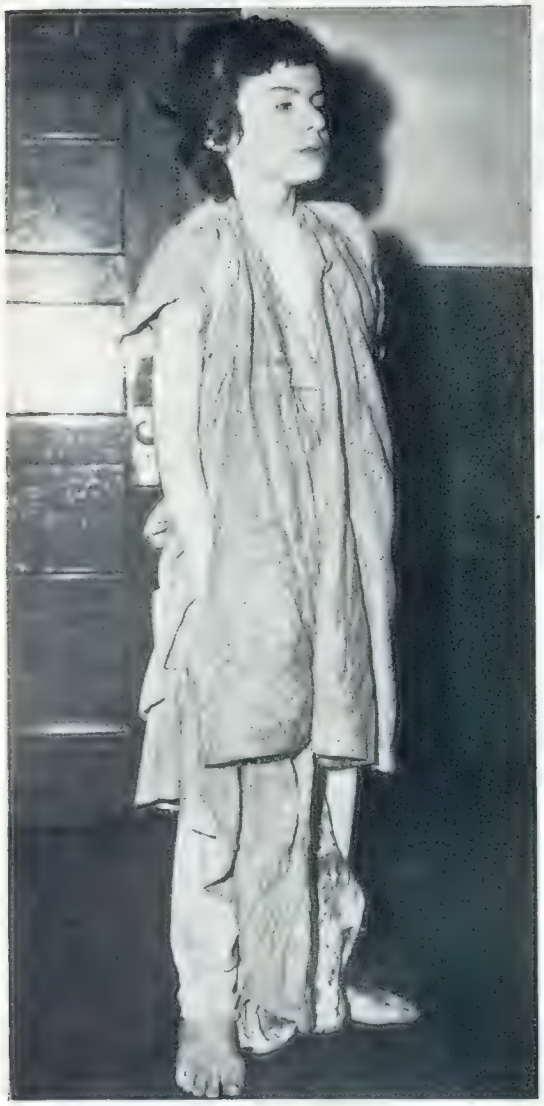
Dr. Gilchrist was our naturalist. He collected all details of birds and animals which we could give him. When the seal pups were born in September, he became the census-taker.

Each man had his job to do whether cooking, engineering or climbing over the glaciers. The field men were at Saddle Point when the relief ship came. They were so excited they left unfinished the pancakes they had spent half-an-hour preparing on the petrol stove.

A ROCKHOPPER PENGUIN OF HEARD ISLAND SITTING ON A FLUFFY, JUST-HATCHED CHICKEN : Mother and father take it in turn to look after their offspring, which soon loses its downy fur and acquires thin feathers. The penguin colony on Heard Island numbers at least 10,000, according to Dr. Gilchrist, the naturalist who accompanied the Australian National Antarctic Research Expedition and acted as census taker. The Rockhopper belongs to one of the smaller species

# CHILDREN

THE TRAGIC BOSTON BOY IMPRISONED TEN YEARS AT HOME : A GREEK CHURCH CHRISTENING : ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S NURSERY SCHOOL



**THE MODERN KASPAR HAUSER :** Fourteen-year-old Gerald Sullivan standing in the police station at Boston, Massachusetts, clothed in the rags in which he escaped from a locked room in his home. The police, who charged the boy's mother with neglect, declared that Gerald had been kept prisoner for ten years by Mrs. Sullivan to "keep secret her sin in bearing an illegitimate child." Mrs. Sullivan pleaded guilty to the charge and was held in 2,000 dollars bail. The tragic story calls to mind the celebrated case of Kaspar Hauser, the youth who some averred was heir to the Duchy of Baden, and who, it is said, spent all his youth in a cell 6 or 7 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, and 5 ft. high, always in a sitting posture. Hauser was formally adopted by the city of Nuremberg in 1828 and an annual sum voted for his maintenance and education. Gerald Sullivan, the "Boston Wild Boy," has been sent to a home which is run by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children

**WHERE GERALD SULLIVAN WAS INCARCERATED :** At the end of the flower-decorated hall in the Boston home of Mrs. Sullivan is the bleak 7 ft. by 9 ft. room in which the boy, now aged fourteen, was imprisoned by his mother for ten years. The room was furnished only with a cot. The single window opened on a blank wall

**RESPONSE TO MUSIC : Children of the Nursery School of the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, listening enthralled to the strains of the church organ. St. Bartholomew's is the second oldest church in London, going back to the days of Rahere, who founded the Augustinian Priory in Smithfield in 1123. William Hogarth, the painter, was baptised at St. Bartholomew's in 1699**

*On right* — **A TRULY WATERY CHRISTENING : Archbishop Germanos of Thyateira, officiating at the christening of Philip Taki, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Stello Hourmouzios at the Greek Cathedral of St. Sophia, Moscow Road, Bayswater. Mr. Basil Mostras, Counsellor to the Greek Embassy in London, helped to hold the infant as he was dipped three times in the water. Mr. Mostras was representing His Excellency Mr. Taki Pipinelis, Greek Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, as godfather to the boy**

**ROMPING IN THE PLAYGROUND OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN : Gerald Sullivan, the hidden child of Mrs. Anne Sullivan, chasing a ball thrown by his instructress (left). One report states that Mrs. Sullivan is attempting to regain custody of the child. Gerald is now wearing boy's clothes for the first time. He is full of interest in all that goes on around him**

**MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME IN GOTHAM: These two Orang-Utans, who were sent to the New York Central Park Zoo by an anonymous donor from the island of Sumatra, are finding things a trifle strange. They are about two years old. The extraordinary length of the arms of the orang is very clearly shown by the position of the lower of the two apes in this picture. When they stand in the erect position, the fingers nearly touch the ground. A full-grown male of the species reaches a height of about 4½ ft.**

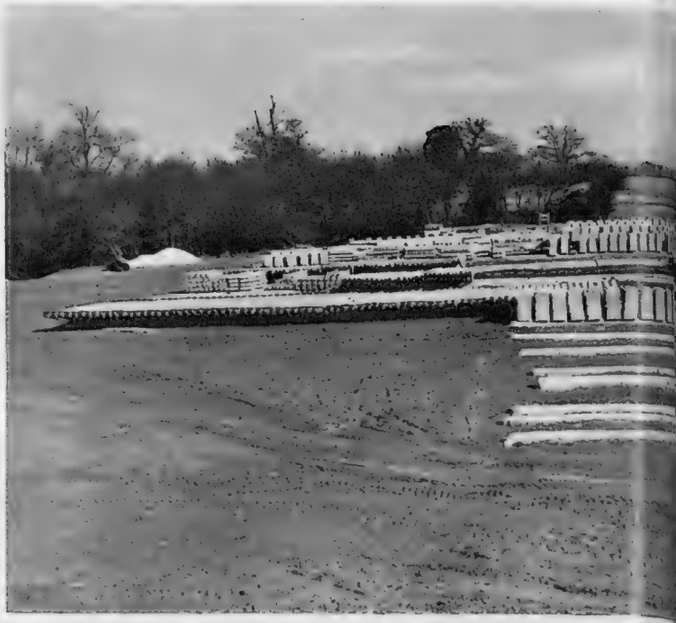
**BORN IN THE BOTTOM OF A BOAT TO A MOTHER WHICH HAD BEEN HOOKED FROM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—ONE OF A QUADRUPLET SET OF SPUR-DOG VIVIPAROUS SHARKS: Mr. Gordon Baber, a fisherman of Brighton, who had landed the mother shark twelve miles off Shoreham, later took the four offspring to the Brighton Aquarium, where the pictures on this page were taken.** It appears that after he had restarted fishing, having put the 4-ft. shark in the bottom of his cabin-cruiser, Mr. Baber discovered that four young sharks had been born to the mother and that they were all thriving. The four offspring, which can ultimately grow to 5 ft. in length, are of a species whose birth process corresponds closely to that of a mammal. The offspring from several species of sharks can swim from the time of birth. Clearly seen in this picture is the "yolk sac," attached to the baby shark, from which it feeds during early life. The size of the young shark may be judged by the hand which is holding it in the Aquarium

*A Channel Story*

## SHARK QUADS BORN IN A BOAT

### NEW ARRIVALS AT MANHATTAN'S ZOO

**PART OF A PART OF A CATCH OF A SUNDAY MORNING'S FISHING: One of the four young sharks, born to a mother in captivity, in the care of the Curator of Brighton Aquarium, Mr. Burton. The baby shark is seen here on its second day of life**



THE FOUNDATIONS OF HATFIELD'S NEW TECHNICAL COLLEGE: This is the main duct which will accommodate electric cables, gas-pipes and steam-heating pipes at the college now being built by Hertfordshire Education Committee with the sanction of the Ministry of Education. The duct, running centrally through the building, will enable maintenance to be carried out with the minimum of effort. The college is being built with prefabricated concrete in order to save steel

# HATFIELD'S COLLEGE WITH AN AERONAUTICAL BIAS

Hertfordshire Education Committee Build on Land Given by de Havilland's

"In the past colleges have been designed too much like prisons," declares Mr. Howard Robertson, who is responsible for the planning of Hatfield's new technical college—the college with an aeronautical bias. Mr. Robertson has tried to design a building which can be easily altered to meet the constantly changing needs of modern education. The main hall will hold 650 students at one time, and, complete with dressing-rooms, it will be well adapted for the presentation of full-scale theatrical performances. The use of prefabricated concrete will allow of a vast saving in steel, and in more than one way the building should prove a model of its kind. The special courses in aeronautical engineering, which are to be a feature of Hatfield Technical College, bear testimony to the influence of the de Havilland Company, which has donated the site, situated not far from its own aerodrome, to the Hertfordshire County Council. The college building will cost in the neighbourhood of £500,000, but by the time it is completely finished and ready to open its doors the total bill is likely to be approximately £750,000.

**THE FOUNDATIONS ARE IN, A HEADMASTER HAS BEEN APPOINTED, BUT THERE IS NO ROOF AND THERE ARE NO WALLS AS YET IN THE HATFIELD COLLEGE: A general view of the site which was presented before the war to Hertfordshire County Council by the firm of de Havilland for the specific purpose of building a college. The architect is Mr. Howard Robertson, this year's gold medallist of the Royal Institute of British Architects. When completed the college will have accommodation for about 1,000 students. Although it will have all the attributes of a modern technical college, with courses in engineering, chemistry, domestic science, etc., the college will have a distinct aeronautical bias, and may one day turn out vast numbers of technicians in the field of aviation. A head has already been appointed at Hatfield. He is Dr. W. A. J. Chapman, of Stafford Technical College**

**BUILDING A BETTER ASCOT: The celebrated racecourse as it appears to-day, showing in the foreground levelling in progress for the new straight mile which will in due course take the place of the track now running past the grandstand. The course is being widened throughout, slopes are being levelled and corners are being reshaped. When the work is complete, probably in time for the first meeting in 1952, spectators in the stands will have a perfect view**

By order of Queen Anne a racecourse was laid out on Ascot Heath in 1711, and on August 11 of that year the first meeting was held and attended by the Queen. To-day Ascot is one of our most progressive courses. At the end of the war and since, more than one meeting a year has been the rule, and new and important races have been introduced to the programme. Now work is going ahead on the complete reorganisation of the course, and eventually it will put Ascot completely in the forefront in the racing world. The biggest alteration will be to the stretch known as the New Mile, which was at an acute angle to the stands. As the stands cannot very well be moved, the Mile itself is being altered. The start of this new New Mile will be in Sunninghill Park. The Golden Gates, through which the Royal Procession passes as it enters the New Mile, will be moved to the new line of the track and new lawns will be laid from the stands to the course. Parliamentary sanction was granted last July for the altered course to cross an existing road

*On left*—**THE PROGRESS OF THE WORK ON THE NEW THAMES WALL: The first sheet-piles show the line of the cofferdams behind which the builders will operate.** After pumping, the wall will be built within the line. It will extend from the existing wall at County Hall to a point just downstream of Waterloo Bridge. It will follow the general curve of the river, but will be some 60 ft. to 140 ft. in advance of the present river frontage. Part of the reclaimed land will be laid out as a public open space, so that Londoners will be able to enjoy a view of the sweeping curve of the Thames. First of all, however, the reclaimed area will play its part as the river frontage for the Great Exhibition of 1951

**WHERE THE B.B.C. HOPES TO OVERFLOW: Part of the site at the White City, Shepherds Bush, showing some of the old exhibition buildings of 1908, now in a ruined state, which may be acquired under a County Council compulsory purchase order**

The British Broadcasting Corporation, now carrying on its activities in forty premises in Central London, urgently requires a large site where it may concentrate some of its scattered forces. Its eye has lighted upon the White City, scene of the great exhibition in 1908, and as a result the London County Council has been asked to promote a Bill for the purpose of acquiring the White City site of 26 acres, thirteen of which may go to the B.B.C. There is already a compulsory purchase order in respect of the site, and it seems highly likely that the project will go through. Most of the White City buildings are in disrepair. Some are still under War Office requisition

1. **RADIO ON THE RAILWAY:** A signalman with his radio-telephone apparatus in the control-room at Whitemoor Up Marshalling Yards

2. **DIRECT CONTROL BETWEEN GROUND STAFF AND LOCO CREWS:** The scene at the Whitemoor Marshalling Yards, near March, as the new radio-telephonic system was tried out

3. **DRIVING BY REMOTE CONTROL:** Signor Ferdinando Monti Morelli seated at the control box as he directs his midget car over a ramp

**1 and 2. SHUNTING BY RADIO:** Double-deck trains and main-line trains painted in crimson lake have been among the imaginative ideas put forward by British Railways since they took over, and now comes news of the first use of radio telephony in railway operations in this country. This experiment in the control of goods traffic has been made in the Whitemoor Marshalling Yards, near March, Cambridgeshire, and it forms the first part of an extensive programme of trials sponsored by the Railway Executive. One observer of the trials declares: "The system promises to hasten considerably the movement of goods trains which come from the North and the industrial Midlands to Whitemoor, the largest marshalling yard in the country." There is nothing unusual about the installation, which is a Pye two-way very high frequency radio telephone system, with a transmitter and receiver established at the traffic control tower and similar equipment carried in the shunting locomotives. It is hoped to have four of them fitted by June. The ease with which the control position can communicate with the drivers of the diesel electric shunting engines will obviously prove a factor of importance in foggy weather conditions.

**3. THE MORELLI SPECIAL:** Signor Ferdinando Monti Morelli is in London demonstrating how to drive a racing car in your own home. When this picture was taken Signor Morelli sat in the corner of a London store with a control-box in front of him. By manipulating the steering wheel or the lever on the box, he sent the racing car careering around the room, skirting signposts, halting at level-crossings and negotiating obstacles. The invention may prove invaluable as a road-safety teacher. It took three years to perfect, and when completed will sell for £45, with a smaller version for table use at £18 18s.

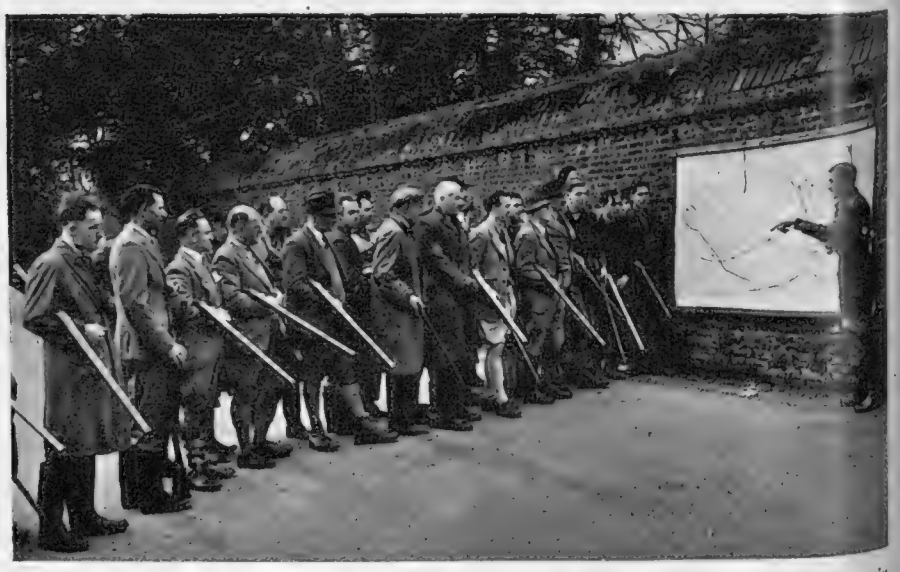
**4. ALL THE FUN OF THE C.O.I. FAIR:** The largest rat in captivity, a symbolic animal cut out of paper, representing the Black Market, was one of the many sideshows seen by Mr. Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade, when he opened the "On Our Way" Exhibition on which the Central Office of Information has spent £33,000 in order to illustrate the road to economic recovery. During his tour of the exhibition, the President and his entourage gazed at themselves in distorting mirrors and put their heads through peepholes. Instead of "What the Butler" saw, they beheld uplifting slogans. One commentator declared: "Jangly music and jingl verse turned out by the C.O.I. Department o poetry assailed Mr. Wilson at every turn. Th State propaganda machine has built little more than an amusement arcade that is bound to dra a hot attack over wasted money in the House o Commons."

## THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A Survey from London and the Provinces

**BURMA'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE COUR OF ST. JAMES'S:** U Ohn (centre), a former Minister of Commerce, seen on his arriva at the Southampton flying-boat base last week The new Ambassador, who is thirty-one, has been appointed to Britain in place of Sir Maung Gyee, who returned to the East in November to take up an appointment in Delhi

4. **"BLACK MARKET," THE BIGGEST RAT IN CAPTIVITY:** A schoolboy examining one of the displays at the "On Our Way" Exhibition



5. **ORGANISING THE DENHAM FOX SHOOT:** Mr. E. Shipman, who directed the enterprise giving instructions to the guns with the aid of a large-scale map of the territory

**6. RECLAIMING NORFOLK'S UNTAMED HEATHLAND: Major Peter Roberts, M.P. for a Sheffield division, watching tractor teams in action on his estate at Cockley Cley**

**7. PREFABRICATED CLASSROOMS: The rear elevation of a block at the Lockleaze School, Bristol, opened by Mr. George Tomlinson**

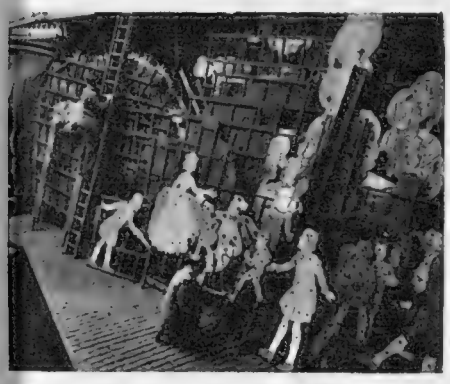
**5. WAR ON REYNARD:** Owing to serious raids by foxes on the fowl-houses of local inhabitants, a fox shoot on a large scale was organised at Denham Village, Bucks. Schoolboys acted as beaters and a fine attendance of guns turned out for a day's sport. The area to be covered had been mapped out, and parties of guns and beaters were briefed to cover a certain portion of the terrain in an endeavour to clear up this local menace. The shoot was organised by Mr. E. Shipman of Little Orchard, Denham, who laid down a number of rules to ensure no damage to crops or property.

**6. PLOUGHING UP THE WASTE LANDS OF EAST ANGLIA:** The great belt of untamed heathland varying from ten to twenty miles wide which sweeps fifty miles across Norfolk from the King's Estate at Sandringham to the Suffolk border may soon be growing extra food for Britain. Already a start has been made by Major Peter Roberts, Conservative M.P. for the Eccleshall Division of Sheffield, who farms the Cockley Cley estate which lies in the centre of this stretch of barren heath. Major Roberts has proved that the Heath can be reclaimed, and that it can grow crops without the necessity of following the normal farming practice of rotation crops, the soil having so much goodness stored up in it through the centuries of idleness. One field alone yielded twelve coombs to the acre last year, nine to the acre the year before, and twelve to the acre the year before that.

**7. THE ALUMINIUM SCHOOL:** Constructed from prefabricated units made by the Bristol Aeroplane Company, the Lockleaze Primary School, Bristol, is the first permanent prefabricated school to be erected in Britain. The aluminium units are delivered from the factory complete with external and internal cladding, and the only work necessary afterwards is floor-laying, decorating and installation of engineering services and equipment. The school was officially opened last month by the Minister of Education, Mr. G. Tomlinson.

**8. SELF-HELP AT FINCHINGFIELD:** The 400-year-old post mill at Finchingfield, near Braintree, Essex, fallen into disrepair during the war years, has been purchased and repaired by the villagers. The body of the windmill has been reboarded by the village carpenter, and with a band of willing helpers the mill has been given a new coat of paint. The cost of the work is being raised locally. The villagers wish to preserve their historical landmark, which has not ground corn for 100 years.

**9 and 10. THE SUNSHINE SCHOOL:** Within sight of the Rother Valley Steel Mills, smoke stacks and slag heaps there is a patch of green and pleasant land which might well belong to another world. There the physically backward school-children from the drab industrial gloom get their chance. Whiston Open-Air School, two miles from Rotherham, Yorkshire, rehabilitates children who, by sickness or infirmity, have lost school time. Designed by Rotherham Corporation architect Geoffrey Raven, the Whiston School was built in 1939, but it was not until last April that it was opened to girls and boys from nine to fifteen years of age. Standing in their own 11 acres of wooded parkland, the cream and green school buildings trap the sun from all angles. Fresh air, exercise, food and rest are deemed the main essentials at the school, and eight specially picked and enthusiastic teachers see that the children get these essentials. Four buses pick up the 160 scholars from surrounding villages, and at 9.20 drop them at the large airy school hall for assembly and prayers. A light breakfast follows with classes until noon, then dinner, more classes, and home by 4 p.m.



**BLACKPOOL PREPARES TO SWITCH ON ITS ILLUMINATIONS:** Since the decision of the Government to restore illuminated signs, men have been preparing for to-day's switch-on. At many seaside resorts promenade decorations have been made ready for wiring along the front. It is now over ten years since illuminations dazzled the seaside holiday-maker

**8. FINCHINGFIELD'S ANCIENT POST MILL: This 400-year-old Essex mill has been purchased and repaired by the villagers at a cost of £120**

**9. SUN, AIR AND EXERCISE FOR ROTHERHAM'S YOUTH: Physical jerks at the Whiston Open-Air School for youngsters requiring encouragement due to sickness or infirmity**

**10. TWO MILES FROM INDUSTRIAL ROTHERHAM: Girls of the Whiston School during their daily rest period after the mid-day meal**

# THE FINANCIERS OF CURZON STREET

## An Elaborate Scheme for Clearing Air Line Debts

By CHARLES GRAVES

CURZON STREET, Mayfair, makes one think more in terms of luxury flats and social clubs than of big business. And yet in a single room of No. 30, transactions involving £31,000,000 were completed last year which in 1949 will probably hit £40,000,000. For this is the clearing house of I.A.T.A., the International Air Transport Association, to which almost all the leading international airlines operating scheduled services belong. This clearing-house has only been in operation since January 6, 1947, when the manager, Mr. Arthur Quin-Harkin, started operations in a single room of a bombed building in Portland Place with a borrowed typewriter, a single typist and an elderly assistant. It snowed steadily for the next two months. The typewriter became stuck with cold; the water was frozen. And yet, within the first month £180,000 had been cleared, although on January 6 there was not a single "firm" application for membership of the clearing-house.

The results of the clearing-house are twofold:

(1) It makes it possible for airlines to offer the public inter-line bookings over different routes to practically every part of the world with efficiency, economy and security against the risk of currency fluctuations.

(2) It saves a great deal of delay and argument.

Until two years ago the various airlines had to settle direct. They wrote, argued, delayed payments, lost letters (and patience), spent considerable sums of money on brokerage and lost other sums on exchange devaluation. By the clearing-house system the debts are paid and collected within thirteen days of the close of clearance—the close of clearance being the thirtieth day of the month following the one in which the debt was incurred. Thus, all March transactions will have to be settled by May 12 at the latest.

If you look at a map of the world you will realise how remarkable it is that a New Zealand air company, for example, will have collected money from Johannesburg, Rio de Janeiro and Oslo. By this week, over £12,000,000 worth of debts will have been paid since January 1 in twenty different currencies. What happens is that debts are presented in their individual national currency to the clearing-house, whereupon they are translated into either dollars or pounds, according to whether the creditor is in the sterling area or not. To do this, a Heath Robinson-like calculating machine, only 6 ins. long and worked by hand, works out the sums involved. In some countries there are two or three different currencies, which adds to the complications. In Italy, for example, there is the official rate, the official monthly rate, and the free market. The official monthly rate is the Government's interpretation of the preceding month's free market. Mr. Quin-Harkin therefore uses the official monthly rate. The Greek rates are also very interesting. Though the fixed rate is about 20,000 drachmas to the £, Exchange certificates are required, and these have to be bought at a cost which adds something like another 12,000 drachmas to the £, making the exchange about 32,000 drachmas to the £.

In the case of Greece the local rate is not quoted officially in London, and so the clearance house relies on the rate nominated by the Bank of Athens. Italian lire and certain South American currencies are also not quoted officially in London, and similar steps have to be taken to average out the correct figure. The actual settlement is as simple as pie. Otherwise, these transactions running into millions of pounds could not be handled by a couple of accountants, four typists and the manager.

The settlements can best be described in terms of a bridge party when, at the end of the evening, every player's plus and minus is totted up. If, therefore, Quantas, the Australian airline, owes K.L.M., the Dutch line, £50,000 and K.L.M. owe Quantas £38,000, the Dutch pay the Australians the difference of £12,000. The astonishing situation is that international co-operation between airlines—and this includes not merely passenger fares and freight charges, but also maintenance, supplies, passenger-handling and, in fact, every service by one airline for another—is such that out of the millions of pounds owed internally in January among the thirty-four members of I.A.T.A. who use the clearing-house, the cash settlement was only 13 per cent. In other words, only about £2,250,000 had actually to be settled in cash or by cheque as opposed to cancelling out. At first sight one would think that the amount would be £4,500,000. In fact, of course, of the 13 per cent. cash settlement, 6½ per cent. is owed and 6½ per cent. has to be paid, thus halving the monetary transaction. The whole purpose of the clearing-house, indeed, is to arrange that payments should be done more and more by off-set and less and less by cash.

What really delights Mr. Quin-Harkin is when there is practically no cash settlement at all. In one month last year a Swedish airline's international turnover of £300,000 was settled by 99.75 per cent. off-set and only 0.25 per cent. in cash. This must have saved them a considerable amount of money in exchange brokerage, as it would have involved the purchase and sale of about nine different currencies. Recently, too, Sabena, the Belgian airline, had 98 per cent. of its international turnover settled by off-set. In their case, if there had been no clearing-house they would have had to buy and sell eleven different currencies instead of settling by the payment of £500.

So far, there has been no re-nigging between the various airlines of the various countries of the world. True, there was a slight delay in payment when India and Pakistan separated, but that was caused by a sheer misunderstanding, and even after the Communist uprising in Czechoslovakia the Czech airlines paid promptly. Up to now, only one company, the Air India International Company, has authorised its London bank to meet the monthly claims of the clearing-house on presentation of documents and without any questions raised. No doubt the others will soon follow, having discovered after two years that there is not likely to be any monkey business in Curzon Street.

In the meantime, one cannot stress too strongly the complete protection the members of the I.A.T.A. clearing-house receive against the effect of sudden devaluation of currencies in countries upon which they have a claim. For everybody has to pay at the same rate of exchange as existed when the debt was incurred. Thus France devalued her currency twice last year, in January and October, and yet only the other day Norway received full payment at the 480-francs-to-the-£ rate for claims dating back to 1947. Usually, of course, the claims are made promptly, but in any event, no airline is allowed to make fortuitous profits nor lose its justified payments because of the hardening or weakening of an individual currency.

Statistics show that British airlines, Scandinavian airlines and United States airlines each do about 20 per cent. of the total turnover, with K.L.M., Swissair and Sabena doing another 30 per cent. between them, leaving 10 per cent. for the remainder.

I have just been looking at the claims of Pan-American for the month of February which have now arrived. Their total is $454,321 against twenty-seven other members operating in Sweden, Mexico, India, Denmark and the Philippines and against other United States countries, in fifteen different currencies. Which, of course, is a tremendous compliment to English accountancy. It is a fact that American airlines who are owed money by Mexican airlines have their debts settled in Mayfair, and not, as one might suppose, in New York, Washington or Chicago. Thus it is that Dutch airlines are paid the equivalent of Australian pounds or Brazilian cruzeiros; French airlines are paid the equivalent of Greek drachmas and American dollars, and Italian airlines are paid the equivalent of Belgian francs, Swedish kroner and Indian rupees. As from yesterday, Iraqi Airlines have become members of the I.A.T.A. clearing-house, and yet another currency will figure in the monthly transactions.

To become a member, Iraqi Airlines have to pay, like the others, a deposit of £250. In addition, they will share in the management expenses of the clearing-house, based on a rate of 1 unit per 1,000 of gross claims—that is to say, £1 per 1,000, $1.00 per 1,000, 1 drachma per 1,000, or, in their case, 1 fil per 1,000.

But what does this all cost? Fantastically little. The rent of 30, Curzon Street, and the salaries of the staff amount only to £15,000 a year.

There is no room here to describe all the other activities of I.A.T.A., which sets out to promote safe, regular and economical air transport for the world, to foster air commerce and to provide means of collaboration among the various air transport enterprises of the different nations.

Considering Great Britain's highly involved financial position, it is, I repeat, a very great compliment to the reputation and know-how of British accountancy and banking that all these vast financial transactions should be committed to the care of an English staff of seven people. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Quin-Parkin was for many years chief accountant of Imperial Airways and then administration director of British Overseas Airways Corporation before he was lent to I.A.T.A. to work out the nebulous scheme in a practical way.

**THE BRABAZON I IS MADE READY FOR TAXI-ING AND FLIGHT TESTS: The great airliner in its special hangar at Filton, near Bristol. This picture was taken during the visit to Filton of twenty-six students who were guests of the Bristol Aeroplane Company. They were visiting England under the ægis of the "Overseas Daily Mail Youth Forum," and represent thirteen countries. They saw some of the test instruments installed in the 130-ton Brabazon. More than half the huge fuselage is at present occupied by 100 instrument dials and oscillographs. To save time in checking performance all instrument readings will be recorded photographically or plotted automatically for analysis in the research laboratory. With the aid of this equipment a detailed record of the aircraft's behaviour at each stage of tests will be available. The Brabazon may make its first flight about Easter**

**ARTISTIC ELEVATION : Chatunni Panicker and Shiva Shankar put in some energetic practice for their performance with Mrinalini Sarabhai's company of Indian dancers at the St. Martin's Theatre. Kathakali dances are being performed for the first time in a West End theatre**

**MARIEMMA MAKES HER LONDON DEBUT AT THE PRINCES THEATRE : She has been hailed as the greatest Spanish dancer since Argentina.** When Argentina died in 1936, she left instructions in her will that her lovely collection of costumes should be given to the most outstanding young dancer to follow her. Her mantle has fallen upon twenty-seven-year-old Mariemma, who wore some of the costumes in her performances at the Princes Theatre, where she made her London debut after a triumphant tour of America, where she was hailed as a worthy successor to the great Argentina. She is accompanied by a pianist and a guitarist, and by two male dancers, Mr. José Toledano and Mr. Paco Fernandez

# ON WITH THE DANCE

## London Sees Dancers from India, Spain and Hollywood

**CHATUNNI PANICKER AND SHIVA SHANKAR DEMONSTRATE DRAMATIC HAND MOVEMENTS :** The two dancers came to London with Mrinalini Sarabhai's company. Mrinalini, which means Blue Lotus Flower, is twenty-five years old and comes from Madras. She made her London debut last Tuesday, at the St. Martin's Theatre, when she presented her company of dancers and musicians. A special feature of the programme were the Kathakali dances, in which the dancers impersonate gods, demons, and other characters, wear huge billowing skirts, towering crowns and a mask-like make-up, which takes over three hours to apply. The dancer must lie in a horizontal position, and must not look in a mirror because he is supposed to relax and to have assumed the personality of the character he is portraying by the time the make-up is completed

**A FILM-STAR GIVES A "CONCERT IN TAPS" ON THE STAGE OF THE LONDON PALLADIUM : Eleanor Powell tap-dances for thirty-seven minutes at her London first night.** Her tap-dancing to well-known tunes such as the *Blue Danube* waltz and *Clair de Lune* was an enormous success with the Palladium audience. She also explained the method of filming a tap-dance—how the music, the sound of the taps and the photography of the dance are all recorded separately and combined later. Miss Powell danced to music by Debussy and to the latest rhythm tunes, and got many laughs with her take-off of a less accomplished tap-dancer

**A YOUNG DRAMATIST WITH HIS PRODUCER : Twenty-one-year-old Julian Fane discusses his three one-act plays, given at the Torch Theatre under the title of "Triangle," with producer Robert David.** Julian Fane, who writes under the nom de guerre of Stuart Sebastian, is a younger brother of the Earl of Westmorland. He escorted Princess Margaret to the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, recently. The ideas for the *Triangle* plays, which were produced by the Company of Cousins at the little Torch Theatre in Knightsbridge, originated when Mr. Fane was on duty at a minesweeper base during the war. At present, he is engaged on a new play about the early days of Oscar Wilde

**ELEANOR POWELL TAKES A REST AFTER HER FIRST NIGHT : The celebrated film-star made a big success, taking the audience into her confidence on the subject of film-making**

*New Lamps and Old*

# CONAN DOYLE BURNT MIDNIGHT OIL

## But he Could not Snatch the Garlands of Scott and Stevenson

By JOHN GORE

**Conan Doyle.**—There is an enormous bibliography concerning Conan Doyle and his works. That is natural, for he attained and still preserves an immense success as a teller of stirring tales, and was no mean showman in his lifetime. J. M. Barrie, who affected to shun publicity, got more of it than many a writer who went out openly to get it in the way of business, like Walpole or Caine. Doyle got all of it that was going, partly because he became, early in his career, famous as a pioneer (second only to Poe) in a new literary form—the modern detective novel—partly through his activities outside the field of literature, activities which required the weapon of Press publicity—his interventions in famous criminal cases, in current controversies, in spiritualism.

Two more full-dress biographies of Doyle are being read widely to-day and are not long off the stocks. I dare say these are not the last words. Both were designed to be complimentary, though both attempted to be impartial and judicial appraisals of his virtues and failings as a writer and as a champion of current causes. In effect, as is often the case with biographies of a writer immensely popular in his lifetime, both somewhat reduce his stature.

The fault lies with his fans. The old saw: "Save me from my friends," applies with more force to a popular novelist than to any other public man. A man who wins a huge public for his books is by them accorded divine honours in his lifetime, and retains his divinity until someone, after his death—himself, in Trollope's case—tweaks aside the sacred curtain and reveals the god with feet of clay. And then, for a generation, his reputation declines as unjustifiably as, before, it was exalted.

After a lapse of another generation, the pendulum swings back, and he falls into his proper place. So it will be with Doyle. But a popular author's fans do more than play havoc with his reputation, they corrupt his character. The author who has the luck—for there is luck as well as merit in it—to write a best-seller, at first humbly enough accepts his good fortune, but when the divine honours pile thick upon him, soon enough he begins to accept them as his due and to practise playing the god.

**Pastures New.**—It was so with Doyle. He had created *Sherlock Holmes*, and finding himself invested with immortality, he endeavoured to desert his own field to try conclusions with the giants of other fields. He felt that he must compete with Scott, Thackeray and Stevenson, and became confident that he had the weapons and the skill.

Nothing else can account for his "That's done it" when he threw down his pen with the last words of *The White Company* written. For Doyle's historical romances positively reek of the midnight oil. One has but to compare *The White Company* with *The Black Arrow*, or, for that matter, *Rodney Stone* with *Chippinge*, to observe the different uses which writers in this line make of their researches. All of them are infinitely industrious, read all they can lay hands on of their period, absorb the atmosphere. But at that point their ways diverge. The master forgets the *details*, the historical logistics, and merely uses his imagination in the newly acquired atmosphere now familiar to him as his own. But the hack makes an inventory of every personality and fact collected in his net, lest any single one should escape his dish. Every great figure of the Regency must take the stage in *Rodney Stone*. *Uncle Bernac*—designed as a boy's adventure story—becomes a memoir of Napoleon and his Court. And *The White Company* and *Sir Nigel* must halt and stagger along their excellent adventurous courses in order to complete the biographies of *all* the great legendary figures of medieval chivalry. And Conan Doyle is revealed as the industrious schoolboy at the end-of-term examination who somehow or other must get in every fact he has mugged up during the half.

So it was that, seduced by the flattery of his fans, he came to hate Holmes whose popularity (and no doubt handsome harvests) was preventing his creator from snatching the garlands of Scott and Stevenson, garlands which he had not the genius to deserve. But nothing can keep a good man down for ever, and time will adjust the balance with Doyle and set him one day in his proper niche and in right perspective. For he was in his way a big man. At least, he had many of the qualities of greatness, simplicity to a marked degree, courage, chivalry to women and to the oppressed, strong patriotism and a great capacity for taking pains.

Perhaps too much of the first of those virtues. Some have called him a very stupid man, some have called him a dreadfully dull mind. Certainly, he was a Peter Pan, he lived and died with the childlike qualities of mind. He was easily gulled, he went bald-headed in pursuit of his enthusiasms and tilted at windmill after windmill.

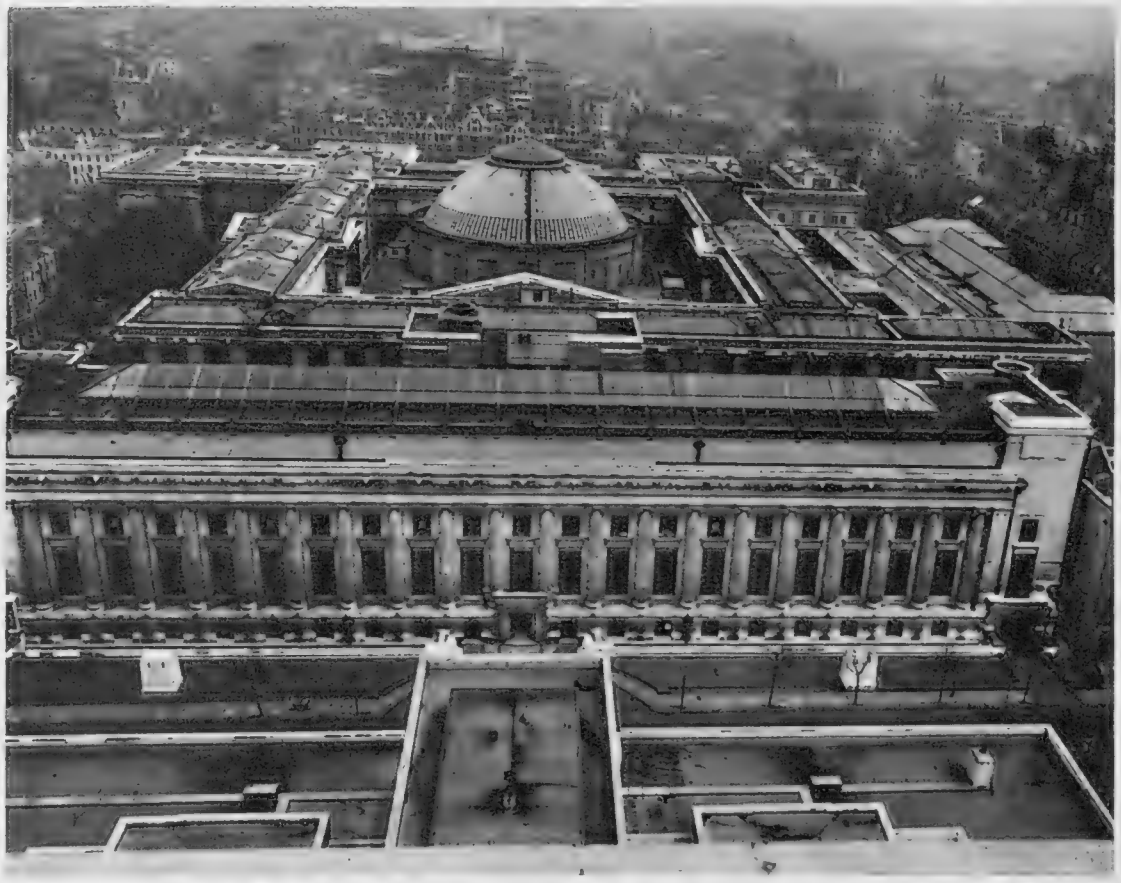
But stupid is too strong. He had a sense of humour—though we do not yet feel sure if the humours of Watson were conscious or unconscious, and he was a born storyteller, and in scenes of action need yield to none of the masters. I (and how many thousands of my contemporaries) owe him a debt of gratitude which no amount of piety can repay. Must we think shame that in our callow youth we put *Rodney Stone* among the first dozen of English novels? By no means, for if we do, we deny that we were ever young, prove that we were born bald, wrinkled and dry-as-dust. And the same arguments defend our youthful admiration for Gilbert and Sullivan or the Chantrey Bequest pictures. Doyle was the boys' own ideal storyteller, and gave to generations of boys a thousand and one nights of enthralling delight. That should be enough for any ambitious writer. The pity is that it was not enough for Doyle.

**A Born Storyteller of Narrow Range.**—The criticisms which I myself tentatively present for the final reckoning of the man's art and worth are two. I have already referred to the reek of midnight oil, his failure to forget the details and build anew in the acquired atmosphere. He was a borrower and adapter, not a creative or imaginative artist.

The second is a criticism on which few critics have yet enlarged, the extraordinary narrowness of his descriptive range. Anyone who troubles to take down his tales and concentrate on the admirable scenes of action, will find that, whether it be a knuckle or a glove prize-fight, a contest with bows and arrows, a tilt with lances and battle-axes, or a duel with swords, the descriptive matter is identical, the same phrases do duty time after time, and fall from the lips of backers and onlookers whether they wear doublets or knee-breeches or trousers. Practically the same words are used in the discussion of the venue for the fight between Jim Harrison and Berks, the champion and Wilson (in *Rodney Stone*), and Tranter and Alleyne (in *The White Company*). The same phrase occurs and recurs in these and other scenes when the backers of this or that protagonist declare their faith in the "guts" of their nominee. It is as if Doyle had been capable of writing one admirably spirited account of a contest and one only, and had dressed it and redressed it a score of times in the fashions and with the weapons of half-a-dozen centuries.

Indeed, it is probably fair criticism to say that few writers of many books who attained to so high a competence possessed so limited a vocabulary, so narrow a range in descriptive material. Even in his most competent field he was a one-book man, the creator and the owner of a single skeleton, which he clothed and reclothed with great skill but never succeeded in disguising.

The later Holmes stories—wrung out of Doyle with so much pain and creaking—reveal the same narrowness of range. Indeed, it was patent; and I, for one, try to forget my priggishness in once "pointing it out" to that kindly and simple man and godsent teller of tales, while I have no wish to forget (and indeed cherish) the letters from him in his beautiful handwriting which my criticisms elicited, and which revealed the generosity of his mind and a shrewd common sense. Holmes or Watson, wise or foolish, simple or elaborate? Aren't we all? But all of us are not world famous and successful.



**A MAJOR CASUALTY OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR SLOWLY RETURNS TO LIFE: An overhead view of the British Museum, to which many valuable objects have been returned after spending the war years in such places as the Aldwych Tube Station, where the Elgin marbles were sent, a number of country houses, and part of a disused quarry near Corsham, Wilts. This picture was made from the tall tower of the neighbouring London University building. During the war the British Museum had several direct hits by bombs. In September 1940 two bombs in different raids went through the same hole without exploding, but in November of that year the glass roof of the new Parthenon Gallery was destroyed and in the great raid of May 10, 1941, ten galleries were wrecked, including the Greek vase room, the Greek bronze room and the Greek and Roman life room; 150,000 volumes from the main book stack were lost. The reopening of the galleries is now proceeding steadily. The King Edward VII Galleries, which have been open since April 1946, display the wonderful Mildenhall Treasure near the main entrance**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*The Power Station at Burry Port.*—Captain H. G. Merrick asks us to point out that, although he took part in preliminary discussions regarding this project, it was Messrs. Balfour Beatty and Company who were appointed Consulting Engineers and Contractors for the Burry Port Power Station. He did not lay the plans, as stated in The Sphere of February 5. Captain Merrick is, however, engaged by Messrs. Balfour Beatty and Company in connection with the construction of the power station.

**ALEXANDER CONSULTS PYTHIA OF DELPHI:** The first scene of Terence Rattigan's play about Alexander the Great, "Adventure Story," at the St. James's Theatre. Veronica Turleigh plays Pythia of Delphi and twenty-six-year-old Paul Scofield has the long and exacting role of Alexander of Macedon

**"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE FOR YOU":** Philotas assures Alexander that he can carry the cloak of Darius, King of the Persians, whom he has defeated in battle. Left to right in this picture are Nicholas Hannen as General Parmenion; Robert Flemyng as Philotas; Paul Scofield as Alexander, and Julian Dallas as Hephæstion

# ALEXANDER'S ADVENTURE STORY

**Terence Rattigan's New Play at the St. James's Theatre about Alexander of Macedon**

Terence Rattigan's great success as a dramatist, has been mainly concerned with the lighter side of the theatre. His latest play, *Adventure Story*, is a serious attempt to reconstruct Alexander of Macedon's life from B.C. 336, when he began his great years of conquest, until his death fourteen years later. The play has ten scenes beginning at Delphi, where the young Alexander consults Pythia, and ending at Alexandria-at-the-end-of-the-World. A prologue and an epilogue show him on his death-bed, surrounded by his generals, unable even to name his successor. A voice, speaking his thoughts, says: "So I am dying. Alexander is dying. How can that be, I don't understand. God, oh God—don't let me die—not like this—not in bed, with so much still to be done. Not in bed—in battle—not in bed." The story is dramatically told showing Alexander's strength in battle; his hate for his father and the love he bears for the Queen Mother of Persia, whose son he has pursued to death.

**GENERAL PARMENION VISITS THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS STATIRA OF PERSIA:** Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies plays the Queen Mother, to whom Alexander behaves with great chivalry after the death of Darius. June Rodney plays Princess Statira

**DEATH OF DARIUS:** Bessus (William Devlin) tries to induce his King, Darius of Persia (Noel Willmann), to make a last stand against Alexander, who is pursuing them with a small force, but the King is convinced that Alexander is to succeed him

**ALEXANDER SIGNS BESSUS'S DEATH-WARRANT:** The noble warrior has asked for a military execution, but Alexander will not risk any sentiment in his favour. Left to right are: Marne Maitland as Mazares; Paul Scofield as Alexander; Cecil Trouncer as Cleitus; Raymond Westwell as Ptolemy; and Julian Dallas as Hephæstion

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# THE COLOSSÆ OF ROADS

*Cæsar, Hadrian, Bevin and Smuts Provide Material for Miss Madge Jenison's Elaborate and Amusing Treatise on "Roads"*

"ALL life is roads," writes Miss Madge Jenison, "for all life is movement. Animals began it; then primitive man, then caravans, armies, ships. With them went fabulous wares; rubies and gold for the eyes' delight, bronze for the helmet, tools for the hand, cedar timbers to build the house—rainbow silks of Samarkand. Ahead of each went the idea, the true roadmaker."

ROADS (W. H. Allen. 12s. 6d.) is a book that can be truthfully called fascinating. You may find that in form it is a little confused, and in writing a little lush. You may even be overwhelmed by it, or irritated, but you will not find it negligible either in its conclusions or in the vast amount of matter that forms what is rather a symposium than a one-track book. The author has called on the writings or speeches of Montesquieu, Buchan, Bevin, Smuts and Senator Vandenberg, "for writing of Cæsar and trying to make him speak, one must have help." And Cæsar appears in these pages that are primarily concerned with roads, as do Hadrian and Lawrence of Arabia and Shah Jehan, and Mr. Pickwick.

It is an amazing piece of work, as you will see.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh's WORK SUSPENDED (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.), which I remember reading in 1942 with regret that it was no longer, has been reissued, together with eight of his short stories, dating from before the war. Some of these are so short as to be better named fragments, but all have been well chosen to show this odd and brilliant author at his most characteristic.

*Cruise* is an amusing, brisk trifle, being, or purporting to be rather, the letters of a Young Lady of Leisure engaged, in every sense, on a pleasure cruise. They are gay and slight and have just the right breathlessness and lack of grammar to make them as authentic as a debutantes' luncheon. Or don't debutantes have luncheons any more? And there is a bitter and somehow disappointing story, *Winner Takes All*, in which I was perpetually looking for the unexpected twist that never came.

There is also *Bella Fleace Gave a Party*, a sprightly variation on the theme of the woman who plans an ambitious ball, makes elaborate arrangements, and dresses herself to receive the guests who don't arrive. Later it is discovered that the invitations were never posted. Irene Nemirovsky did this superbly once, in *Le Bal*, and I believe it to be one of those universal themes which writers embroider according to their own talents and styles.

ARTIST AMONG THE MISSING (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.) is a study, made with exquisite sympathy and insight, into the mental and spiritual state of a fairly young British officer, once a painter, during his war years in Egypt, Palestine and Syria. Miss Olivia Manning has handled the difficult and often unrewarding subject of a man's gradual, inner disintegration with a keen and at the same time almost a fond sense of the magnitude of the man's problem.

Geoffrey Lynd has a beautiful and efficient wife, doing war work in Cairo. When he is away from her, he alternates between days and nights of brooding and a deep indifference. On one of his returns he finds that she has a lover, a man he himself particularly dislikes, and he even suspects her later of another attachment. These troubles gnaw away at his mind, and combined with the crushing heat and his sense of general inadequacy either as a soldier or a husband, he approaches mental collapse.

**A NEW H.Q. FOR A NATIONALISED INDUSTRY: This 25-roomed mansion standing in 10 acres, West Farm Place, at Cockfosters, near London, has been purchased by the British Electricity Authority for use as offices by the Eastern Division headquarters staff. The price has not been disclosed. West Farm Place has been empty since the death, in 1947, of Mrs. Marion Bevan, a widow, whose body was exhumed shortly after burial. The inquiries by the police were closed when it was decided that her death was due to natural causes. The mansion was built in Elizabethan times, but renovations and extensions have turned it into an almost modern house**

In spite of the melancholy nature of Lynd's nervous illness, he is not an unlikeable character, and the Cairo and the Jerusalem scenes have a brilliance that lifts and redeems the story from the morbid. This is a real achievement.

A middle-aged woman, neat and well-bred in appearance, sits at an auction in the large marquee outside the country house she has known so well, and as lot after lot comes up for sale, with appropriately jovial or astute commentary from the auctioneer, they bring back to her episodes in that part of her life which is closed.

THE AUCTION SALE (Secker and Warburg. 8s. 6d.) is, first of all, a novel written to a tidy plan, and realisation of that makes the plan a little obtrusive at first, till the story that it reveals and which is deliberately built up, begins to emerge with less interruption, until it is allowed to flow along almost uninterrupted. Mr. C. H. B. Kitchin has deserted the detective *genre* in this novel, and has achieved instead a story whose slow pace admirably fits its subject: the muted but unhappy love-story between the little, observant lady's employer and a handsome Norwegian neighbour. This is a quiet and restrained story, even at those moments when it deals with passionate events.

Full marks to Mr. Victor Canning for a new adventure story, this time set in North Africa. THE GOLDEN SALAMANDER (Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d.) has all the elements that one expects in a story by this author: first and last, real speed and excitement, and as well as that, the ability of a really magnificent storyteller to hold the interest both in his plot and in the gradual development of his characters.

North Africa appears, in fiction as in life, to be the home of intrigue, as it is the surprising home of bad weather; there are thousands of troops who will confirm the latter, and many, from diplomats down to beggars, who might agree with the first. Mr. Canning has set one against the other with some halcyon interludes to highlight his story, and with a very evident appreciation of the dramatic unities. I think you'll like this book, if you're not looking for a soporific.

THE GIRL ON THE VIA FLAMINIA (Gollancz. 8s. 6d.) is a short enough book, but extremely effective.

Mr. Alfred Hayes has written about soldiers in Rome during the war; an American G.I. who is amiable and uncomplicated, an English sergeant who gets drunk on *vino* while he thinks of his wife in London, and an Italian soldier who despises not them but his own country, its women and its soldiers. There are also girls, notably one. Reading this book, one among the many that are now appearing on American's recollections of the war, I had the clearest feeling of its authenticity, perhaps not in incident—that is unimportant—but in mood.

THREE LOST LADIES (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is concerned to a rather remarkable degree with ladders, stairs and their notorious unreliability. Miss Harriette R. Campbell writes with a certain relish about dark doings on windy nights and about ruined towers where more than bats flap, and the result is entertaining even when a beautiful schizophrenic is brought into the picture.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ADOLF HITLER (Aldor. 7s. 6d.) is published this week, and the publishers tell us that the author wishes to remain anonymous. I think he's got something there.

## OUR BIOLOGISTS SPEAK OUT

### A Vital Symposium on World Needs

Last year Sir John Boyd Orr, our most distinguished agriculturist, told the world that it was "rumbling to destruction." He made it abundantly plain that only global planning of our land resources could solve the world's food requirements in the years that lie ahead. Mr. F. E. Le Gros Clark, one of the erudite contributors to THE SOIL AND THE SEA (Saturn Press. 10s. 6d.), a symposium edited by Trevor I. Williams, echoes Sir John's sentiments in his chapter entitled "The Scientist's Guide to Global Food." "In England we have now to pay the price," he declares, "because we can no longer insist, as we once could, on exploiting soils and men for our cheap supplies of food. If we turn one way, we are caught in the wash of the American economy. If we turn another way, we find native peoples no longer prepared to work in the same manner and for the same remuneration. We have only one path, and that is the use of science to raise the level and lower the cost of food production in the world." Sir John Boyd Orr himself writes on "Forestry To-day," and here again he has a solemn warning for the world, indicating the tremendous lumber shortage that lies before the world as reconstruction gathers momentum. He notes that in the U.S.A. lumber stocks have sunk to an all-time low, and this in itself is creating unemployment in the North American building trade. Sir John further declares that of the 4,000,000,000 hectares of forest soil in the world, only 300,000,000 hectares receive proper management. Agriculture and forestry must go hand-in-hand, he concludes, indicating that by converting wood into hydrocarbons we could make the renewable forests augment the non-renewable reserves of oil. Sawdust and wood unsuitable for lumber and pulp could be made into ethyl alcohol, cattle feed and chemicals; the possibilities are indeed enormous, but Sir John does not disguise the probable consequences if we neglect those possibilities. Other important chapters in this first-class symposium deal with "Whaling" "Chemical Stimulants for Crops," "Science and the Farmer" and "Species and Evolution" (Julian S. Huxley). Each is informed with the note of urgency, and it is clear enough that if we do not listen to our biologists we are going to regret it.

Another symposium, but rather less weighty, is Gordon Cooper's ISLES OF ROMANCE AND MYSTERY (Lutterworth Press. 12s. 6d.). This is certainly very much of a mixed bag, and we are rushed across the Seven Seas from South Georgia to Haiti, from Spitzbergen to Bali, and Pitcairn to the Aland Islands. Mr. Cooper's book makes entertaining reading, and the illustrations are excellent.

George Bankoff is nothing if not prolific, and at times his fluency strikes a rather flashy note; not so, however, in his latest book, THE SHADOW ON THE PATH (Peter Garnett. 12s. 6d.), which is marked by the deepest sincerity and is the product of unflagging research. Dr. Bankoff's subject is venereal disease, and he quotes a series of nine case histories, using imaginary names and an imaginary doctor, Dr. John Farnham, with a view to clearing up confused ideas and driving away the clouds of ignorance. Dr. Bankoff has never written a more worthwhile book.

Ruth Manning-Sanders is a writer who has spent the greater part of a lifetime in the West Country. Her home is in Cornwall, and she has for many years explored her own county and its neighbours, Devon and Somerset. The result is a racy, personal account of the three counties entitled THE WEST OF ENGLAND (Batsford. 12s. 6d.). The book is full of good anecdotes and quotations, not a few of them from West Country tombstones. In Bideford Churchyard Miss Manning-Sanders noted this amusing epitaph:

"Here lies the body of Mary Sexton,
Who pleased many a man, but ne'er vexed one,
Not like the woman who lies under the next stone."

From the same publishing house, Batsford, and in conjunction with Methuen, come new and revised editions of "The Little Guides," issued at 7s. 6d. each. W. A. Dath's NORFOLK has been revised by E. T. Long, and SOMERSET, by G. W. and J. H. Wade, has been revised by Maxwell Fraser. The guides (really illustrated gazetteers) are convenient in size and neatly bound.

Derek Patmore is the author of DECORATION FOR THE SMALL HOME (Falcon Press. 15s.), now appearing in a new edition. The photographs are helpful, and the advice is even more essential to-day than it was in 1938, when problems of space were not so acute.

Eric Prain edits the history of THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE GOLFING SOCIETY, 1898-1948 (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.). Contributions from Bernard Darwin and R. C. Robertson-Glasgow enliven the text, which is a communal effort by members of the Society.

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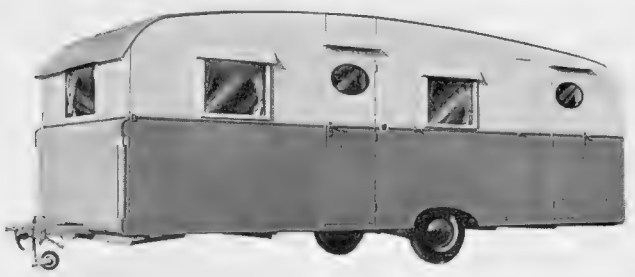

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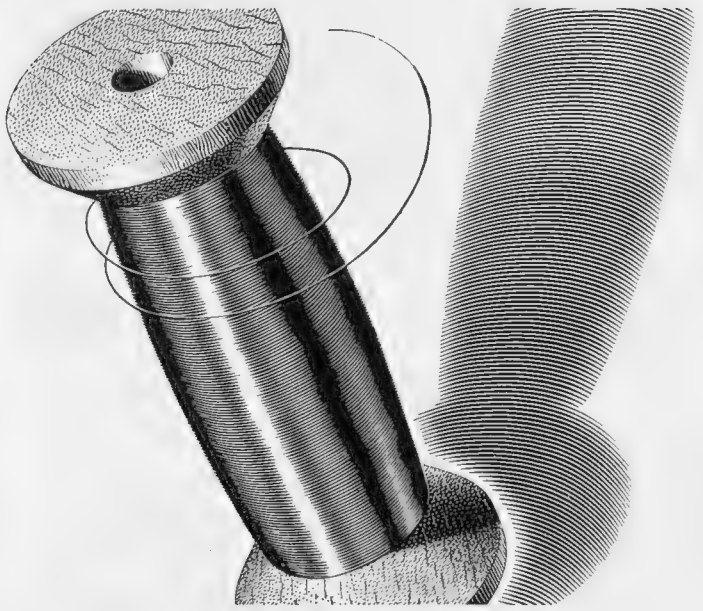

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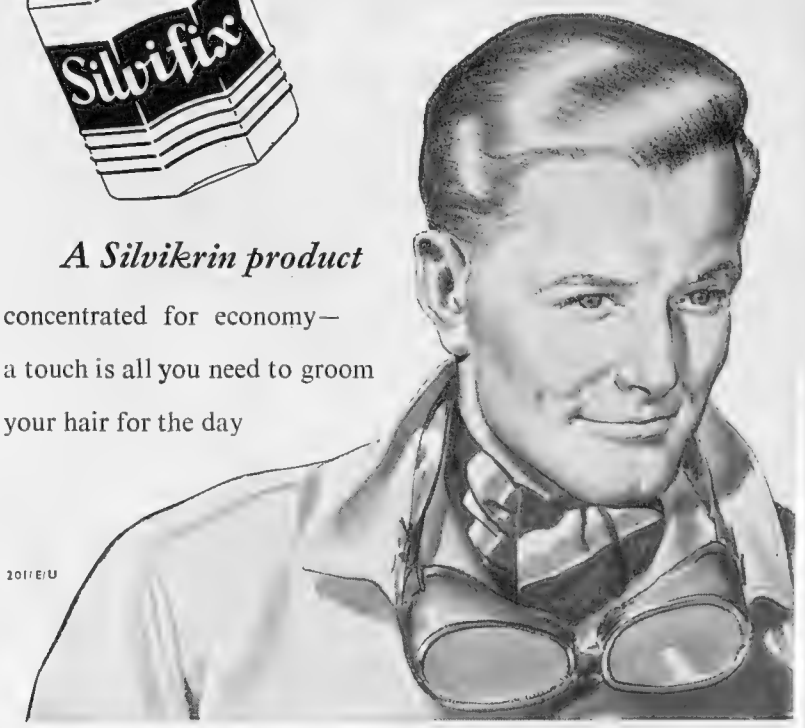

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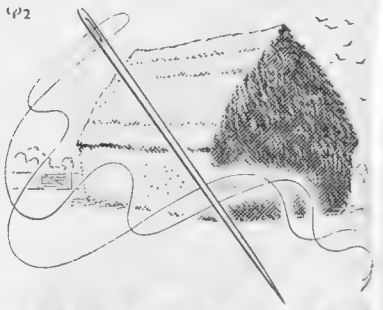

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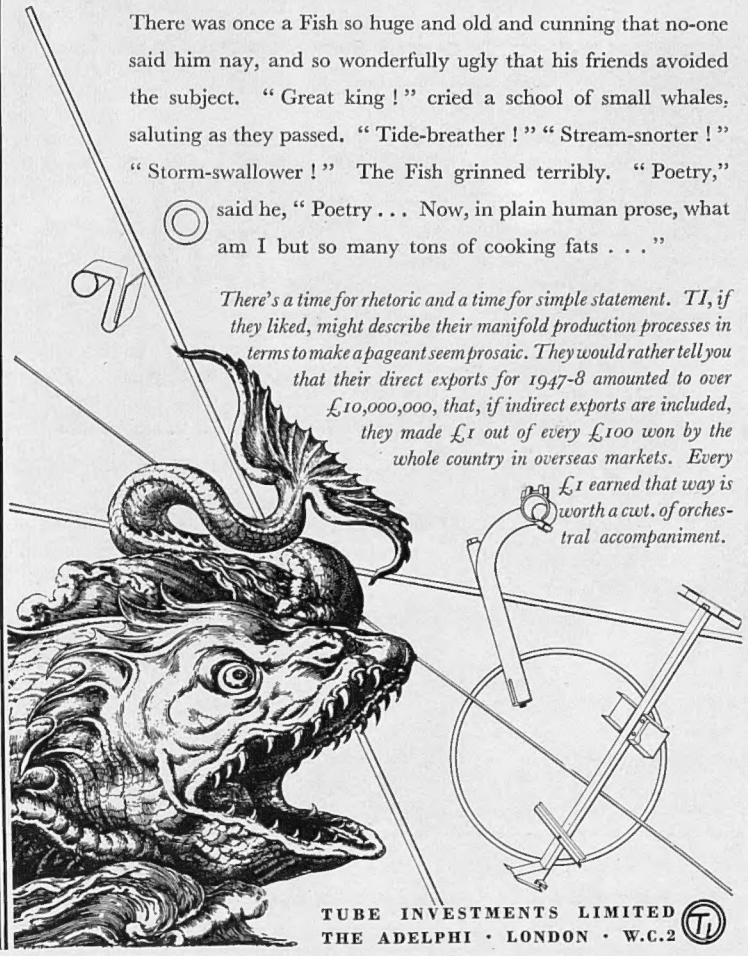
*There's a time for rhetoric and a time for simple statement. TI, if they liked, might describe their manifold production processes in terms to make a pageant seem prosaic. They would rather tell you that their direct exports for 1947-8 amounted to over £10,000,000, that, if indirect exports are included, they made £1 out of every £100 won by the whole country in overseas markets. Every £1 earned that way is worth a cwt. of orchestral accompaniment.*



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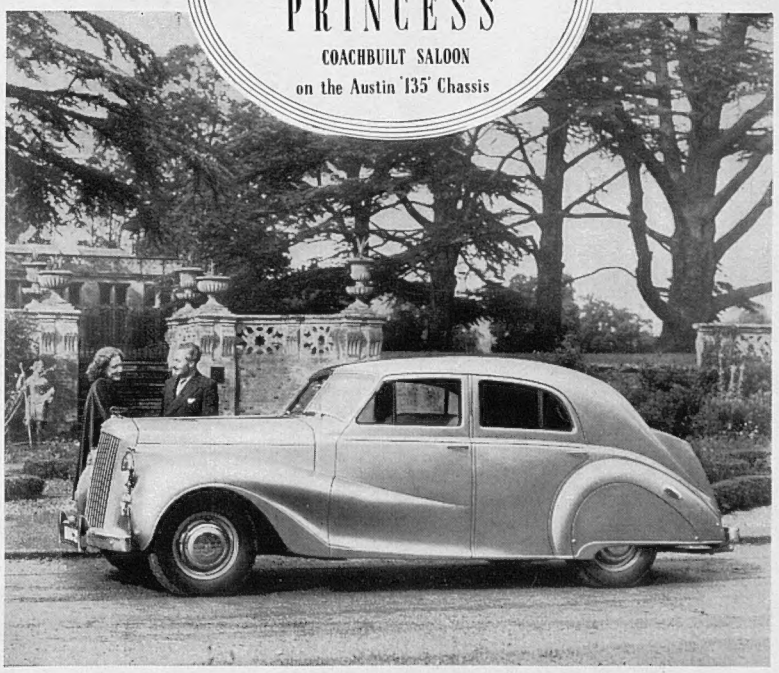

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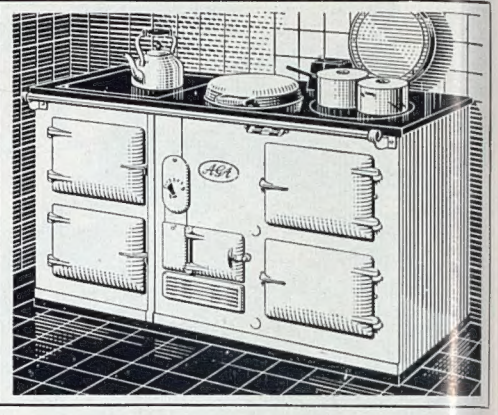

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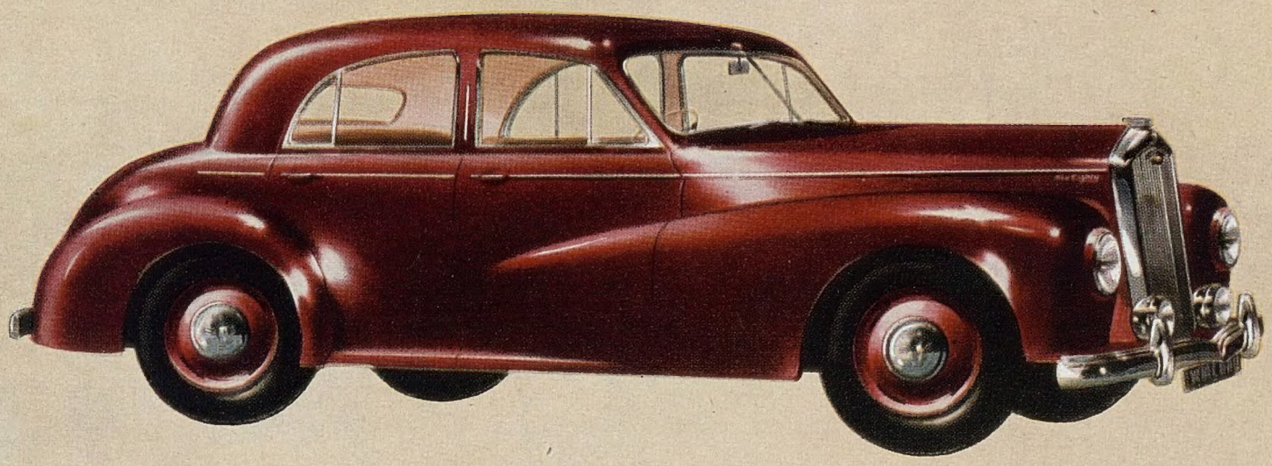

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